

P O E M S

B Y

JAMES CONOLLY.

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C O R E:

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JAMES CONOLLY.

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My COURTEOUS READER,

dipped deep in the gall of malice, will be directed
against me, as soon as the following sheets appear
abroad.

The Man who ventures to give his thoughts to the world, in Verse, has many difficulties to combat; for, his readers, of every Age, Sex, and Complexion, whether learned or otherwise, will not fail to judge, and condemn very liberally: But, the case is quite different in other arts and sciences; for, a man, wholly unacquainted with Algebra, Trigonometry, Astronomy, &c. seldom claims, either publicly or privately, the least knowledge of those



useful branches; and, I can attest, with unquestionable truth, that I never knew a man, who pretended to any sort of acquaintance with the Coptic Language, for an obvious reason; because the people of this country are utter strangers to it. How comes it to pass, then, that many, who know as little of POETRY, as of the above language, will, with the greatest presumption, and the most ridiculous self-sufficiency, criticize every production of the MUSE, that unfortunately falls in their way. Some play the Critic, because they are rich; others, because they are ingumbered with a load of Latin, and perhaps Greek; others claim a privilege of damning without mercy, from the Lace and Embroidery, wherewith they are adorned; others, in fine, and the greater part, shew their disapprobation, with a provoking effrontery, because they are egregiously ignorant. But, believe me, kind Reader, neither the gold in your coffers, the lace on your clothes, your heavy lumber of learning, nor your profound ignorance, will entitle you to discharge the arduous office of a true and candid Critic. Examine yourself seriously, and try if you are blessed with a penetrating Genius, an extensive

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knowledge, a solid judgment, an intimate acquaintance with the Poets, and a true taste for their works : If you are possessed of all these qualifications, or even of some of them, I allow you to pass sentence with a becoming boldness, for you are a Critic by charter : But, if you are totally deficient in the above very necessary ingredients, read on ; laugh now and then, if you are inclined to display your risible faculty ; you may even bestow a few imprecations upon the Author ; but, venture not to say Yea or Nay, by way of criticism, 'till you come in view of the five Capitals at the end of this work, nor then, till you hear the opinion of some such true Critic as described above. For my own part, as a subject of the British dominions, I desire to be tried by a judicious and impartial jury, to whose verdict I will most chearfully submit ; and I beg leave that the following most worthy characters may be impannelled, viz. BENIGNUS, BENEVOLUS, CANDIDUS, SINCERUS, INGENUUS ERUDITUS, SAGAX, and VERAX ; but, I challenge, under the sanction of the laws, and openly object to the following gloomy, ill-disposed spirits, that is to say, MALIGNUS, MALEVOLUS, INVIDUS, LIVIDUS,

SCIOLOUS, STUPIDUS, MORDAX, and MENDAX;
This is a privilege, kind Reader, that I think my-
self intitled to, and which, I hope, you will not
deny me. You will also, on reading these Poems,
I flatter myself, ingenuously confess, that I have
performed the duty of a tolerable Christian, with
regard to the Eighth Commandment, which I have
taken particular care not to violate.

Should these Poems happen to please Persons of
real Taste, of which number, kind Reader, I hope
you are, I shall be the less solicitous about the opi-
nions of empty cavillers, who make a merit of de-
crying every poetic performance, unless the Author
has lain, at least, thirty or forty years among the
Dead. But, as I am inclined to think that you
are not tainted with so illiberal a turn of mind, I
beg leave to subscribe myself,

COURTEOUS READER,

Your most obedient,

And most devoted,

Humble Servant,

JAMES CONOLLY.



To Mr. CONOLLY, on his POEMS.

YOUR pleasing manuscript I read with care :
The thoughts are sprightly, and the diction
clear :

As smooth and graceful flows your manly strain,
As o'er the pebbles glides the watry plain.
Hail ! happy Bard, whose sweet majestic lays
Afford us pleasure, and deserve our praise.
Devoid of gloom, your sentiments are chaste,
So true your judgment, and so good your taste,
Such is our weakness, we abruptly blame,
If or too deep, or trivial be the theme.
Here erudition is convey'd with ease,
While the design is seemingly to please ;
Your skilful Muse her various labours suits
To various modes, and diff'rent mens pursuits ;

When you invoke the sweet Aonian Maids,
And court their favour, under lonely shades ;
Their rise and glorious Reign, when you rehearse,
And Bard's Immortal, for Immortal Verse ;

When you lament the forrowing sisters fled
 In Barb'rous Ages, and their Patron dead ;
 Methinks I see them waft their gliding Train
 Or from *Parnassus*, or from *Hippocrene* ;
 From fair *Castalia*, or *Clytemnus'* flood,
 From *Mincio's* Bank, or *Thespia's* shady Wood ;
 Methink's I see them round their Pupil play,
 And Purge your Genius with a genial ray ;
 They sweetly dictate ev'ry pleasing Theme,
 And bid their Favourite write for deathless Fame ;
 Nor heed the sneer of proud assuming Cits,
 Or Epyious Pedants, or pretended Wits ;
 But scorn their railings, speed th' ingaging Toil
 Their feeble Stings shall on themselves recoil ;
 They cease methinks, and thro' the yielding Air
 To their lov'd solitary Haunts repair.



When you invoke the sweet *Adonian* Muses
 And court their favor, under kindly shades ;
 Their life and glorious Reign, when you rehearse
 And bid them immortal for Immortal Verse ;

TO MR. JAMES CONOLLY,

THIS PUBLICATION OF HIS POEMS.

HENCEFORTH let Botches in *Apollo's* Trade
 Self-conscious stand dishearten'd and dismay'd,
 With hisses impotent as they peruse
 These Nervous products of thy graceful Muse;
 Wherein the candid Critic will behold
 A copious Vein, a Genius deep and bold;
 How bounteous Nature doth with Art combine
 To smoothe each page, to decorate each line;
 The liveliest colours to each scene impart,
 T' unfold the various Mazes of the heart,
 Each ancient Hero's Character set forth,
 Their warlike virtues, and exalted worth,
 And can, in fine, discern throughout thy strains
Arcadia yielding to *Muskerian* plains.

Whoe'er, sweet Bard, impartial will review
 The well-chos'n Themes here offer'd to our view,
 With what sage Maxims fraught, & adorn the mind,
 The thoughts how just, the language how refin'd,

Cannot but, in thy lovely Past'ral, see
 Old *Hesiod* equall'd, *Gay* out-done by thee;
 That sprightly *Wit*, which Courtly *Martial* grac'd,
 In all thy mirthful Epigrams retrac'd;
 An *Addison* uncertain to decide
 Whether to yield to Wrath or Patriot pride,
 That his pure, Classic, Roman Lay should gain
 Superiour charms from thy judicious pen.
 Then, spite of Malice, in thy course proceed,
 Revive the Muse erst from *Muskeria* fled;
 Thy quick invention will fresh matter find,
 As well t' instruct, as to delight Mankind,
 Nor dread that th' envy of the censuring crew
 Can blast the Fame to thy Endeavours due.

WILLIAM O'HERLIHY.

To Mr. CONOLLY, on his POEMS,

O H! Tuneful Bard, adopted by the Nine
 To cheer the soul—Immortal praise be thine!
 To thee *Macroom* let grateful honours shew,
 And with fresh laurels decorate thy brow.

Our absent Muse tho' wand'ring far, awhile,
 Yet sue, once more, to grace her native isle :
 In thee alone she finds a candid friend,
 A genius worth the Graces to attend ;
 In thee a friend, endow'd with all to please,
 In diff'rent modes of elegance and ease.
 Thy pow'rful Fancy's variously inclin'd
 With freedom blest to captivate the mind.
 Lo ! thy pure numbers, Wisdom's God inspires,
 And flames thy Bosom with Poetic fires ;
 By striking figures glows th' enliv'ning strain,
 That melts the heart and thrills through ev'ry vein.
 When through the grove thy boundless fancy warms,
 And shuns the tumult of the town alarms,
 There to attend, a while, some lovely maid
 By some false shepherds' flatt'ring tongue betray'd :
 Your tears dissolving, through thy pen we find,
 Soft as the movements of her tender mind ;
 With pleasing transports we read o'er and see
Pope, Swift, and Dryden, rise again in thee.
 Thy work ill-suits those vain conceited fools,
 Who curse good sense and laugh at wisdom's rules ;
 But yet pursue, nor check thy copious vein ;
 Thy lines some judge with candor will explain ;

Nor idly sit—it ill becomes thy state,
But view great *Marc* on th' imperial gate!
Augustus-like a Second may peruse,
And smile propitious on thy **WESTERN MUSE.**



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The DECLINE of POETRY.

DESIST, admirers of th' offended Muse,
No more your talents nor your time abuse ;
The scanty product of Parnassus' soil
Will not reward your long laborious toil
In days of old, the two topp'd sacred hill
With large encrease repaid the Poet's skill,
When learn'd Augustus urg'd the tuneful song,
And smil'd propitious on the warbling throng ;
Then Phæbus darted more inspiring Rays,
And fill'd Ausonia* with immortal Bays ;
Hence



Hence rose a Virgil, hence an Horace sprung;
Hence Ovid, Varius, and Tibullus sung,
And many more whose bright transcendent fame,
Succeeding ages faithfully proclaim.

O! happy times, thrice happy then the Bard!
The friend of Cæsar, sure of full reward,
Caress'd by him, who Rome's proud sceptre sway'd;
Whose awful nod far-distant realms obey'd:
The World's great Ruler fann'd the Poet's fire;
He read, he judg'd, and tun'd himself the lyre;
The drooping Muse by royal boons did raise
To rank, and credit, affluence, and ease;
Th' immortal Mantuan, and Venusian Bard
Shar'd his munificence, and high regard;
On either hand those glorious wits he plac'd,
Nor did the monarch think himself disgrac'd.

So great th' esteem of that harmonious art,
That young, and old pursued the Poet's part;
E'en Tully, silver'd by the snows of time,
Made feeble efforts Helicon to climb.
The gallant Pollio 'midst the din of arms
Found in the Muse's converse pleasing charms;

And

And wise Mæcenæ, too, oft sought her aid,
 Blest in th' enjoyment of the vocal maid ;
 He wrote with judgment, and he judg'd with sense.
 And gave to merit it's due recompence ;
 To rescue wit from want, and worth from shame,
 Was the fond Object of his constant aim.

When thus the great espous'd the Poet's cause,
 Inferior Ranks bestow'd unfeign'd applause.
 How strangely diff'rent is the modern taste !
 Not more the courtesan and virgin chaste.

Tho' small the number of the vocal throng,
 Yet fewer those, who patronize the song ;
 And fewer still are they who can with art
 Distinguish beauties from the erroneous part :
 Yet ev'ry stupid undiscerning ass
 Will pass his sentence with a front of brass.
 The brightest thoughts are censur'd most, and why ?
 Because ill-suited to the vulgar eye ;
 The meanest phrase, the lowly creeping sound
 Will yield most pleasure to the dunce profound.

How cruel, therefore, is the Poet's lot !
 When crowds of blockheads 'gainst his labours plot ;

Stab without mercy, without meaning strike;
Blame without judgment, without cause dislike;
Poor wretches funk in ignorance and night
Tho' blind as Moles, they think they see the light.

Far from my strains be all those stupid things,
'Tis not for such my Muse expands her wings;
But farther still be they, whom envious spite
Will not permit to judge of things aright;
Who pry, and search, and with this view peruse,
To damn the Author, and his works abuse;
And tho' in private they commend the stile,
They swear in public that the verse is vile.

But if some beauties they vouchsafe to own,
By some unbiass'd, candid Critic shewn,
They cry enrag'd, 'the wretch deserves a rope,
'He stole the thoughts from Addison and Pope:
A downright plagiary! the theft is plain!
He robb'd the Dunciad* and th' admir'd Campaign †

Farewel you worthless, weak, malicious crew,
I neither, b'lieve me, steal nor write for you;

But

But ev'ry effort strain, and bend to please
Th' ingenuous reader by my humble lays.

AN EPIGRAM.

BELINDA ne'er attempts to pray
But by her Mirror's side;
Let no censorious reader say
That this results from pride.

Devotion brings her to her glass,
The fittest spot for pray'r;
For when she views the lucid mass
She sees an angel there.

The IMMORTALITY of the MUSE.

SLOW, yet devouring, is the tooth of time,
It's sapping force is felt in ev'ry clime.
Th' Egyptian Pyramids, the boast of kings,

Tho' rais'd aloft, and seem'd to prop the Sky,
Are some effac'd; and some in ruins lie!

E'en Nimrod's tow'r, whose vast stupendous height
Pierc'd through the clouds, and rose beyond the fight,
Is now no more; for, learned tray'lers say,

That 'tis a doubt, where that proud structure lay.

Now to Judea let thy fancy steer,
For there the mournful wrecks of time appear;
Behold the Temple, that divine abode!

Where David's son, submiss, ador'd his God;

Review the symmetry, and grand display

Of curious arts; review the Molten Sea;

But ah! no traces of these arts remain,

All, all's foul rubbish, or a barren plain.

Apelles, once esteem'd the golden fleece

Of his admiring native country Greece,

By just proportions both of light and shade,

Gave mimic life; how great the pencil's aid!

So nice his strokes, the canvass seem'd to glow,

Now smiles, now terrors from his colours flow.

From his warm fancy see the Thund'rer rise,

Or Venus fair, as when she grac'd the Skies.

And next behold, beneath his forming hand,
 An Hero rise, as by divine command.
 Yet none of these grand Portraits now appears,
 Sunk in the waste of all consuming years.

The tow'ring obelisks of ancient Rome
 Decay'd through time, and met their destin'd doom;
 Her columns, arches, ev'ry curious bust
 Are now impair'd, or moulder'd into dust.

E'en China's wall, that bulwark of the east,
 On which two chariots might advance a breast,
 In Time's smooth laple will gradually decay,
 And, unperceiv'd, mix with it's kindred clay.

But lo! the labours of th' Aonian Quire,
 Feel no decay, preserv'd by native fire.
 While circling years their wonted course shall roll,
 And while the needle verges to the pole
 While th' Earth, self-pois'd, it's destin'd round shall
 run,

Chear'd and illumin'd by th' enliv'ning sun;
 So long the products of the Muse shall last,
 In spite of Time, and envy's baneful blast.

This truth in Homer gloriously appears,
 Who, down the current of three thousand years,
 Defends majestic, unimpair'd in fame,
 His wreath still green, illustrious still his name :
 His grand descriptions are so warm with life,
 We see his Heroes mix'd in noble strife ;
 When Hosts attack, we hear the rumbling sound
 Of chariots rattling o'er th' ensanguin'd ground ;
 When through the ranks the spears and lances shine,
 A flame celestial blazes in the line.

Next Maro* comes, whose smoothly-flowing strains
 Diffus'd delight o'er all the Mantuan plains ;
 His youthful Muse first sung the springs and groves,
 The flocks, and pastures, and the shepherd's loves :
 But soon his fancy takes a nobler fling ;
 Behold him rising on a bolder wing,
 To sing the Hero pre-ordain'd by Fate,
 To fix in Latium his imperial seat.
 O sacred Bard ! who can due praise refuse
 To thy harmonious, grandly-soaring Muse ;

Thy

Thy Works, where Judgment, and attemper'd fire
Unite, will only with the world expire.

Now view the gay, the sweet Salmonian Bard †
Whose easy Numbers claim our high regard;
The gentle graces still attend his Train,
And love's fair goddess guides his tender vein;
Whene'er he sings the force of Cupid's dart,
A pleasing softness steals upon the heart,

Britannia now thy sons let me pursue!
A pleasing Theme that claims our closer view,
Who's he, my Muse, who thus triumphant rides?
Behold! 'tis Milton, see his glorious strides;
To him alone that active force was given,
To spurn this Earth, and bound aloft to Heaven,
Who else cou'd Angel against Angel arm?
Or spread terrific such a dire alarm?
Who else cou'd sing the Mountains hurl'd on high?
Or rouse the roaring Thunders of the Sky?
Who else cou'd sing Messiah's wrathful Ire?
When on the Fiends he launch'd the forked fire,

By which th' Apostates in confusion fell,
Plung'd into darkness, and the deepest hell.

Step forth great Dryden, mount the Muse's Stage,
We read with extasy thy manly page;
For strength of genius, energy, and wit
Appear conspicuous in whate'er you writ:
O! hadst thou liv'd in good Mæcenæ's days,
The Mantuan Bard had not eclips'd thy lays.

Behold th' accomplish'd Addison appear!
With easy grace, and with a courtly air;
In him pure elegance, and order shine,
And art and nature mutually combine;
A virgil breaths in his judicious strain,
This truth's evinc'd in his ador'd Campaign;
Wise Cato ne'er with greater Lustre shone,
Than in the beauteous Paint of Addison.

See Pope advancing with his laurel wreath;
Where'er he treads fresh flow'rs around him breathe;
Th' engaging softness of his silky strains,
When he describes the flow'ry lawns and plains,
Sheds on the soul a sweet delightful calm,
And sooths the heart by soft poetic balm.

In flowing numbers none cou'd equal thee,
 For Pope's another name for Harmony.
 How grand and glorious does great Homer shine
 In thy bold version, grac'd with strength divine,
 The bold original, thy fancy fur'd,
 And ev'ry Muse the Twick'nam swan inspir'd,
 Thy Ethic* Works surprize the learned few,
 And set thee in the fairest point of view.
 Their solid beauties will aloud proclaim,
 While earth exists, thy widely-spreading fame.

Whoe'er peruses Thompson can't but see,
 That all his strains are nat'ral, bold and free;
 We must be pleas'd to read, rejoic'd to hear
 His Seasons varying like the varying year.
 All nature's fragrant stores perfume his Spring,
 We catch his Zephyrs on the spicy wing.

His summer's ripen'd by some force divine,
 And Sol shoots Fervor through the glowing line.

His autumn crown'd with plenty rears his head,
 With fruits of ev'ry kind around him spread.

Yet such his art, that in the verse appear
Plain symptoms of the dull declining year.

But in his winter, rugged, bleak, and hoar,
We hear the torrents rush, the tempests roar;
Now rattling hailstones in the verse resound,
And on the roofs, and pavements seem to bound;
Now Alps of snow, and hisping frosts arise,
The dreary Landship strikes us with surprise!
O! heavenly Bard! fure all the nine must bless
Pure nature's painter, in her native dress.

Hibernia's glory justly claims applause,
Who nobly propp'd our liberties, and laws;
A soaring genius, of luxuriant brain,
The learn'd, illustrious, and immortal Dean;
A politician of the foremost rate;
The scourge, and dread of ministers of state;
For lively wit, and depth of thought, whose name
Will stand unrival'd in the lists of fame.

Let Spenser, Shakespear, Fletcher, Beaumont,
Ben,
Afford a subject for some abler pen;

Nor less sweet Waller, Tickell, Doon, and Tate,
 Lee, Cowley, Butler, eminently great.
 These other Wits deserve th' applauding lay,
 Younger, Congreve, Otway, Wicherly, and Gay ;
 And who'd refuse to strike the tuneful lyre,
 For Pitt, and Parnel, Mason, Gray, and Prior ;
 And many more of no Inferior fame
 To whom Apollo gave the lively flame,
 Whose curious Labours, fraught with useful lore,
 Will live, and please, 'till time itself's no more.

Stop not my pen, let Churchill share the song,
 The last, not meanest, of the tuneful throng ;
 Who ne'er wou'd stain, nor servilely abuse
 His candid, upright, patriotic Muse,
 But boldly lash the venal sons of power,
 Who to the lure of vile corruption bow.
 His manly Efforts to reform the age,
 With pointed Satire's well directed Rage ;
 His gen'rous Ardour in fair freedom's cause,
 While virtue lives, will meet with just applause.

AN EPIGRAM.

THE reader will think my Capacity slender,
 Shou'd I but attempt to deny
 That prostitutes are of the feminine gender;
 But truth will all cavil defy.

Their gender is neuter, this fact is as sure,
 As any included in Lock,
 For *Scrotum's* the Latin of harlot or whore,
 Declin'd with the article *bot*.



AN EPIGRAM.

A FOX-HUNTER thinks it a matter of weight,
 Shou'd he chance in a Season to kill
 A dozen of Foxes, to adorn his gate
 With Brushes the proofs of his skill,
 To grant him encomiums for this wou'd appear
 No better in truth than a libel,
 For Sampson three hundred had caught in one year,
 A fact that's well prov'd in the Bible,

AN EPIGRAM.

A SAT'RIST to a thresher can
Be well compar'd—the same's his plan ;
For here and there he doth assail,
And flog with his poetic flail.



AN EPIGRAM.

FREDERICK is a potent King,
And states obey his Nod,
But yet he's not (a truth I sing)
The noblest work of God.



AN EPIGRAM.

AS Sylvia tended on the green
Her fleecy flock, I lurk'd unseen,
And heard her thus complain ;
“ How hard the Fate of womankind !
“ I love, and dare not tell my mind
“ To that engaging swain.

" I oft essay'd to tell the youth,
 " Whose soul ne'er harbour'd aught but truth,
 " He won my faithful heart;
 " But tyrant custom check'd my tongue,
 " On which the tender accents hung,
 " And taught me airs and art.

" He swore that love, and sad despair
 " Alternate wreck'd his breast with care,
 " Which I alone cou'd cure;
 " I answer'd not a single word,
 " Nor wou'd a tender glance afford,
 " But sat, and look'd demure.

" Then rose and tripp'd it o'er the plain,
 " As if regardless of his pain,
 " Tho' eager to remove
 " The pungent grief, the galling smart
 " That took possession of his heart,
 " And own my mutual love.

" But shou'd the swain declare once more
 " What oft in extasy he swore,
 " I wou'd not blush to own,

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" That I'd prefer an humble cot,

" With Damon, as an happy lot,

" Before a gilded Throne."

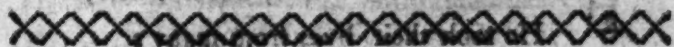
Those heav'nly notes reviv'd my heart,
I felt delight in ev'ry part,

But fear'd 'twas all a dream ;

I ran and clasp'd her to my breast,

And found, in truth, I was possess'd

Of Sylvia's lovely frame.



A Young Drunken Buck's Account of himself.

MY life's a gay uninterrupted scene
Of Mirth, unvert'd by care or gloomy
spleen ;

A pleasing round of exquisite delight ;
With joy I hail the dear approach of night ;
For, then I steep my wide-dilated soul,
'Midst gay companions, in the flowing bowl,
And ne'er depart 'till rising Sol proclaims
Unwelcome day by his refulgent beams ;

Now home I reel, and roar from sorrow free;
Then sink to rest, and sleep profound till three;
Then rise, and walk, then dine and drink away
Till night, nay more, I drink and whore 'till day;
Thus flies my time with ev'ry pleasurable fraught;
Quite undisturb'd by reason, sense, or thought.



AN EPIGRAM.

FREDERICK's Warlike, but not wise,
He took their lives from many;
But, in no sense, the loss supplies;
He ne'er gave Life to any.



THE FATAL ASSIGNATION.

THE youthful Strephon lov'd Amanda fair,
And she for Strephon bore a heart sincere;
Her watchful parents, tender of her fame,

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Her close attachment their attention drew,
 For they had long another match in view :
 Whate'er true fondness, or parental care
 Cou'd urge, was quoted to dissuade the fair
 From such a passion; but 'twas all in vain !
 Their kind remonstrance nought but tears cou'd
 gain.

Now Soft persuasion ceas'd ; paternal pow'r
 Commands with threats, that from that fatal hour,
 She'd banish Strephon, with his wily art,
 From her believing, weak, misguided heart ;
 And that, on pain of their eternal hate,
 She'd fly his sight, and chuse a better Mate.

But how unequal, tho' inclin'd, was she
 To pay obedience to that stern decree ;
 The more she strove to quell the scorching flame,
 It rag'd the more, and sapp'd her wasting frame.

She now resolves, inspite of all restraint,
 To see the youth, and urge her soft complaint ;
 Then straight employs a trusty friend to bear
 A scroll to Strephon, bidding him repair

To an adjacent shady laurel grove,
 The former scene of their unguilty love;
 As soon as Cynthia regent of the night
 Wou'd shew her kind, but less refulgent light;
 And wait her presence in that dark retreat,
 For she had things of moment to relate!

Now night come on, Amanda stole unseen,
 From her apartment, to that Sylvan scene;
 Where she design'd to sip, without controul,
 To Strephon, all the sorrows of her soul;
 From whom she hop'd to meet some kind relief,
 For mutual love is, sure, a balm for grief.

She look'd around, and search'd the silent grove,
 Found ev'ry tree, but cou'd not find her love;
 Found ev'ry spot, and ev'ry friendly shade,
 Where oft before their tender vows were made;
 Alas! no Strephon's there to glad her sight,
 And chase the horrors of the gloomy night.

The deepest anguish now invades her breast,
 By love and fear alternately oppress;
 One while, she thinks that Strephon is unkind,

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Recalls his actions, glances, sighs, and truth,
 And then acquits, of perjurd faith, the youth :
 But black ideas in her fancy roll,
 And boding fears distract her anxious soul ;
 She cries, in all the agonies of mind,
 My dearest Strephon's dead, but not unkind ;
 He's dead, alas ! or why this long delay ?
 Perhaps destroy'd by some fierce beast of prey ;
 Or by some ruffians slain, while wing'd with love,
 He flew to meet me in this fatal grove,
 Forbid it fate ! forbid it nature's laws !
 That of his death, I shou'd appear the cause :
 O ! let me quickly into atoms fall,
 Dispers'd by every wind around this ball,
 'Ere such a cruel, doleful fate attend
 My life, my love, my guardian-angel, friend,
 Where shall I fly, if Strephon be no more ?
 Ah ! sure not home, my misery to deplore,
 For there, each object wou'd at once recall
 My Parents' vigour, and my Strephon's fall ;
 Or shall I roam a wretch from place to place,
 Devoid of friends, nay more, devoid of peace ;
 No ! let me rather life's last ebb await,
 Unseen, unheard of, in this dark retreat.

As thus she spoke, she heard the tramp'ling sound
Of feet ; then quickly rising from the ground,
On ev'ry side she cast her eager eye,
And hop'd that Strephon, her belov'd, was nigh.
Short was her joy ; for, to her sad surprize,
The man she hated, to her presence flies ;
The fierce Lothario, who oft strove to gain
Her tender wishes, but had strove in vain.

What have we here ? cry'd he, some Nymph in
love !

That seeks the midnight silence of the grove ;
So far enamour'd that she cannot sleep
Her wakeful eyes, and tender cares in sleep :
Then viewing close the lovely trembling fair,
By Heav'n ! 'tis she, he cries, what lucky star
Has hither led me, at this lonely hour,
To meet Amanda in this fragrant bow'r ;
On whom th' attendance of some tedious years,
My sighs, inquietudes, and anxious fears
Cou'd not prevail ; no, no, my suit she spurn'd,
She froze to me, but for her Strephon burn'd,
For whom this midnight favour was design'd ;
But I'll enjoy it, since the fates are kind.

He

He spoke, and seiz'd her in his brutal arms;
 Exulting much that he possess'd her charms;
 And swore, that, for her past tyrannic sway,
 He'd make reprisals, 'ere the lamp of day
 Dispell'd the gloomy shades of envious night;
 That hid her blushes from his raptur'd sight.

At this, Amanda, quite absorb'd in grief,
 In soul distracted, far from all relief,
 Besought his mercy with soft-streaming eyes,
 With piteous accents, and heart-rending cries;
 She pray'd, conjur'd him by the awful name
 Of CHRIST, to spare her virtue, and her fame;
 Then urg'd him strait the sword he wore to employ
 Against her life, which she'd resign with joy,
 If that attonement, for her former flight,
 Wou'd sate his wrath, or yield the least delight.

But base Lothario steel'd against her cries,
 Deaf to her sorrows, and heart-breaking sighs;
 To honour lost, with brutal lust inflam'd
 Proceeds to force, at which Amanda scream'd

So loudly, that, her shrieks reach'd Strephon's ears,
 Who now approach'd, distress with anxious fears,
 For he perceiv'd they issued from the grove,
 Where he expected fruit to meet his love.

Now urg'd by motives of the tend'rst kind,
 He flew, and quickly left the way behind,
 And cry'd advancing to th' unequal scene,
 Inhuman monster ! off thy hands profane !
 How dar'st, vile wretch ! insult pure innocence !
 But I'll chastise thy savage insolence.

At which Lothario turn'd about, and drew
 His sword, and at his adversary flew ;
 And coward-like, design'd at once to dart
 The murd'ring steel through his defenceless heart.

The slanting blade a safer passage found,
 And on his side impress'd a ghastly wound.
 The gallant Strephon heedless of the pain,
 And of the purple flood that drench'd the plain,
 Rush'd on the foe unequal to withstand,
 And wrench'd the weapon from his treach'rous
 hand ;

Then in Lothario's heart he plung'd it deep,
 And seal'd his eyes in everlasting sleep.
 A fate well suited to his savage mind,
 To ev'ry virtue lost, to honour blind.

From the commencement of this horrid scene,
 Amanda lay quite senseless on the green ;
 But now recover'ing from her swoon esp'y'd
 Her tender Strephon kneeling by her side,
 Her hand intwin'd in his, then feebly said ;
 Is Strephon safe, and is Lothario fled ?

He strove to speak, his words no utterance found,
 Through loss of blood he sinks upon the ground.

The hapless maid now thinks her Strephon lost,
 She raves, she rages, in wild fury tost ;
 She chafes his temples, but she finds them cold ;
 Unseal those eyes, she cry'd, your love behold !
 Your poor Amanda, type of human woe ;
 Excuse her conduct, that has laid you low ;
 Or rather call her to attend your shade ;
 At which she spy'd the fatal reeking blade ;

Then, pausing, seiz'd it, felt it's point, and cry'd,
 Fell engine, stain'd with Strephon's gushing tide,
 One labour more remains; thine aid impart,
 And strike, O strike! Amanda to the heart;
 It must be so, for fate directs the deed,
 And bids Amanda for her Strephon bleed.

She stoop'd, and tenderly her love caress'd,
 Then lodg'd the poniard in her snowy breast,
 And sinking, with a groan, resign'd her breath
 In the cold arms of unrelenting death.

Now from the East the ruddy rising dawn
 Gave doubtful day, and half-disclos'd the lawn,
 When Strephon puny marks of life had shewn,
 By some small motion, and a feeble groan;
 But by degrees, recraiting strength, he tries
 To raise his head, and ope' his languid eyes;
 His drooping eye-balls ill the light with-stood,
 But worse, ye Gods! Amanda bath'd in blood,
 Whom, prostrate, breathless, by his side he found,
 The sword still buried in the mortal wound.

This

This fight unravel'd that 'twas for his sake
She fell, and clear'd the sad perplex'd mistake.

No heart can image, and no tongue rehearse,
No Muse can dictate in well suited verse
His frightful horrors, his unbounded grief;
Death, only death, can now afford relief!
And tho' his limbs in death's approaches freeze,
He rais'd himself on his weak tott'ring knees,
And thrice essay'd to draw the deadly blade;
His feeble hands as oft refus'd their aid.

While thus he struggled with the sword and
death,

Just on the verge of yielding up his breath;
Amanda's parents his attendance draw,
Whom now before his swimming eyes he saw:
Shock'd at the sight, with lowly voice he cry'd,
By her own hands my dear Amanda died;
The base Lothario gave the deadly wound,
Through which my flood of life distains the ground;
Yet I repine not, nor my fate deplore,
But long for death, since all I love's no more.

He said, and as he spoke, his head reclin'd,
And instantly his fleeting soul resign'd.

O hapless Parents ! who can paint your grief ?
What lenient hand can now afford relief ?
Your much-lov'd daughter, whom you sought all
night
Is now presented by the dawning light,
A wounding Spectacle ! a galling sight !

They stood awhile absorb'd in speechless woe,
So great their grief, that tears disdain'd to flow,
And seem'd as lifeless, motionless, as she,
Whose sad misconduct caus'd their misery.
Now shrieks, and tears succeed that dismal pause,
They curse their rigour as the fatal cause
Of their Amanda's sad untimely fate,
But their repentance comes, alas ! too late.

This sad catastrophe, this dread event,
If weigh'd in reason's scale, may, sure, prevent
Parental cruelty, and lawless force,
Of num'rous ills, and infamy the source :

And

And if examin'd seriously may prove
 An useful lesson in th' affairs of love,
 As it displays the sad effects that rise
 From disobedience to paternal ties.

AN EPIGRAM.

TO spell opportunity Fanny bids Dick
 Now plac'd in an arbour alone,
 Poor Richard's conception was really not quick,
 And thus he went stupidly on ;
 Op--por-- that he stammer'd, but could not find
 Tu, mind guiding chain,
 The maiden was vex'd at the fool,
 And, darting contempt from her eyes, she withdrew,
 And bid him go strait to some school.

STREPHON, Seen Naked by CYTHERIS.

AS comely Strephon was espy'd
 Quite naked by a river's side,
 By Cytheris the chaste ;
 With eyes intent she view'd the swain,
 But seem'd to view him with disdain ;
 Then fled away in haste.

In truth no anger reach'd her heart,
 Her flight was all th' effect of art,
 She lik'd the manly swain ;
 Nor was she easy in her mind,
 Till they were both securely join'd
 In Hymen's binding chain.

A PASTORAL.

AS Daphnis on a summer's day,
 When Phœbus shot a sultry ray,
 Enjoy'd the cooling grove ;

The pleasing aspect of the green,
The kind embow'ring sylvan scene
Attun'd his soul to love.

The fair Lucinda, virtuous maid,
In ev'ry artless charm array'd,

Engages sole his heart ;
Her sweet idea fills his mind,
He carves her name upon the rind,
And feels both joy and smart.

While thus employ'd, Philander came,
Who also felt an equal flame

For Rofalind the gay ;
The swains sat down beneath a tree,
With reeds prepar'd for harmony,
And rous'd the rural lay.

The savage monsters of the wood
Forgot their rage, and cloſer ſtood,

To hear the thrilling ſong ;
The little warblers of the grove
Attentive to the notes of love,
Around the ſhepherds throng.

Alternate measures fill the plain,
(The Muses love th' alternate strain)

But Daphnis first began,
To praise the maid that stole his heart ;
Lyfander took his fair one's part,
And thus the contest ran.

DAPHNIS.

Lucinda's fresh as early day.

And sweeter than the spicy May,

That decks the flow'ry green ;

An April morning's in her eye,

No shepherdess with her can vie

In loveliness of mien,

PHILANDER.

My Rosalind is heav'nly fair,

Enchanting with her modest air ;

An aromatic flower ;

When through the meads she deigns to advance,

Rejoicing nature seems to dance,

An own her conqu'ring power.

DAPHNIS.

As heav'nly dews refresh the plain,
Long thirsty through the want of rain,

And by continual heat ;

So kind Lucinda's eyes impart

Refreshment to my panting heart,

And make me quite elate.

PHILANDER.

As cooling Zephyrs give delight,

When Sirius* sheds his baneful light,

And scorches ev'ry tree ;

So Rosalinda's friendly smile

Dispels my gloom, my care, my toil,

And fills my heart with glee.

DAPHNIS.

Whoe'er beholds Lucinda's face

Adorn'd with mild angelic grace,

Must strange emotions feel ;

From

From ev'ry feature flies a dart,
That finds admittance to the heart,
Altho' 'twere cas'd in steel.

PHILANDER.

Of Rosalind ye swains beware,
Love, in the ringlets of her hair,
Lies ambush'd to annoy;
Her radiant eyes, her neck and arms,
Her coral lips, unnumber'd charms
Will, sure, your peace destroy.

DAPHNIS.

O! shou'd the proudest eastern king
But hear Lucinda play, or sing,
What raptures must he feel;
His extasy of joy he'd own,
And quit in haste th' exalted throne
And to my fair one kneel.

PHILANDER.

The beasts of prey that range the woods,
The monsters that frequent the floods,
At Rosalinda's voice,

Impatient the sweet sounds to hear,
Wou'd drop their fierceness, and draw near,
And for a while rejoice.

DAPHNIS

When bright Lucinda, midst the train
Of youthful damsels on the plain,
Leads up the rural quire ;
Her easy motions full of grace
Set off the lustre of her face,
And warmest love inspire.

PHILANDER.

When Rosalinda leads the dance,
Enraptur'd swains in crouds advance,
To see, to gaze, to love ;
In graceful carriage, air, and mien,
She's equal to the Delian queen,
That haunts the verdant grove.

DAPHNIS.

O ! how sincere, and how refin'd !
Is my Lucinda's gen'rous mind,
How free from fraud and guile !

Pure virtue found a place of rest
 Within her chaste, unspotted breast,
 Unstain'd by art, or wile.

PHILANDER.

Tho' nature lavished ev'ry grace
 On Rosalinda's blooming face,
 And made her form divine;
 Yet trifling is th' exterior part,
 If we compare it to the heart,
 Where all the virtues shine.

DAPHNIA.

'Till larks, and linnets cease to sing,
 And halt th' approach of fragrant Spring,
 I will not cease to love,
 My charming Fair, my soul's delight,
 That sooths my heart, and glads my sight,
 Unchanging as the dove.

PHILANDER.

'Till headlong Torrents change their course,
 And backward flow with rapid force,

Sweet Rosalind's almighty charms,
That fill my soul with quick alarms,
And love's soft thrilling fire.

DAPHNIS.

I'll search the garden, and the hill,
The verdant bank of ev'ry rill,
And cull the sweetest flow'r;
And in th' employment I'll be blest,
For 'tis to grace Lucinda's breast,
And decorate her bow'r.

PHILANDER.

I'll rob the mead, the vale, the grove,
To form a garland for my love,
And deck her auburn hair;
Then to reward my pleasing task,
A thousand tender things she'll ask,
And smile away my care.

DAPHNIS.

DAPHNIS.

As I of late ran o'er the plain,
I chanc'd my ankle-bone to sprain,
Which caus'd exceeding smart ;
My fond Lucinda shar'd my grief,
And gave my soul a kind relief,
For she unveil'd her heart,

PHILANDER.

As t' other day I search'd a bush,
To get my Rosalind a thrush,
A bramble pierc'd me deep ;
As the blood gush'd out in streams,
My lovely fair-one kindly screams,
And wou'd not cease to weep.

DAPHNIS.

A cup engrav'd with curious art,
That bears the emblem of my heart,
I will present my love ;
I know her fond, and grateful mind,
By nature tender gen'rous kind,
Will of the gift approve.

PHILANDER.

PHILANDER.

A goldfinch with bright painted wing,
 The sweetest warbler of the spring,
 To Rosalind shall go;
 The little captive in his cage
 Will her attentive ears engage
 With notes that artless flow.

DAPHNIS.

Of all the maids that grace the green,
 The fair Lucinda, sweet in mien
 Won'd be my glorious choice;
 With her, the various changing year
 Wou'd one continual spring appear,
 With her I'd still rejoice.

PHILANDER.

Of all the animals of the earth,
 Of whatsoever rank or birth,
 My Rosalind wou'd prove,
 The darling favourite of my love,
 I'd freely bear her soft control
 As th' object of my love.

DAPHNIS.

Lucinda's heav'nly radiant eyes
 Wou'd bear away, with ease, the prize
 From all the nymphs that rove
 Along the sweet enamell'd meads,
 Or court the cooling silent shades
 Of this sequester'd grove.

PHILANDER.

Such vaunting ill thy purpose suit,
 For Rosalind without dispute,
 The victory wou'd gain
 From ev'ry nymph that treads the lawn,
 For she's as fair as th' eastern dawn
 That gilds the dewy plain.

DAPHNIS.

Philander cease, the shades of night
 Begin to chase away the light;
 But with to-morrow's sun,
 We'll meet, and chuse some neighb'ring swain,
 To hear and judge our tuneful strain;
 He'll own Lucinda won.

PHILANDER.

Farewel, dear Daphnis, I consent,

Nor will Philander e'er repent,

But to the strife repair ;

The judge unprejudic'd and true,

Will give the prize, as justly due,

To Rosalind the fair.



AN EPIGRAM.

AVERSE to marriage, and the name of wife,
The chaste Amanda leads a single life ;

Her graceful mien, her bloom our hearts inthral,

Her sense and judgment are admir'd by all ;

Her quick conception is the voice of fame ;

Her free deliv'ry's oft the public theme.

A truth, whereon we may securely rest,

For e'en the *midwife* can the *fact* attest.

A DIALOGUE

Between FLAVIA AND ROSALIND,

IN B.B.D.

FLAVIA.

MY Rosalind, tis true, we rail
Sometimes at wedlock as a jail,

Whereof the husband keeps the key,
Lest his poor slave shou'd run away :

We oft, with seeming truth, declare,

That we'll avoid that dang'rous snare ;

And highly praise a single life,

But cry, that odious name a wife !

Yet in our hearts (confess the truth

'Tis natural to health and youth)

We wish to taste connubial charms,

Bless'd in a tender husband's arms.

ROSALIND.

O fie ! my Flavia, sure, you joke,

I'm really shock'd at what you spoke ;

Your

Your head, my dear, begins to swim,
 Or else, so strange, so mad a whim
 Cou'd not have started from your brain;
 I hardly know what 'tis you mean;
 What! wish to be undrest, alone!
 With any man! the creature's grown
 Distracted; that must be your state,
 Or you'd not talk at such a rate;
 Upon my honour, such a thought,
 So coarse, indecent, and so fraught
 With indecorum fills my breast,
 With something that will spoil my rest.

FLAVIA.

What have I said, my Rosalind,
 That cou'd e'en modesty offend,
 All laws both human and divine
 Direct that we in marriage join;
 Besides, pure nature speaks within,
 And keenly prompts—then where's the sin?
 I will repeat it o'er and o'er,
 That man's a creature I adore;

And when I meet one to my mind,
 I will not scruple to be kind;
 'Tis true, that Hymen shall our hands
 Unite in matrimonial bands,
 'Ere he receives the slightest favour,
 Tho' he may prove a teasing craver;
 But when the sacred rites are past,
 (For then the dye is fairly cast)
 Why shou'd he not possess his own?
 Drest, or undrest—ay, and alone.

ROSALIND.

Well! to be sure, there's not in nature,
 So strangely-whimsical a creature;
 Indeed, indeed, whene'er I think
 On your discourse, through shame I sink;
 What! lie within his rustic arms!
 You fill me, Flavia, with alarms;
 You cannot mean that I shou'd be
 As close to him, as I'm to thee.

FLA-

FLAVIA.

Yes Rosalind, and closer much,
And pleas'd, you'll bear his grateful touch,

ROSALIND.

Provoking wretch ! what didst thou say ?
Upon my life, I'd faint away,
Shou'd any monster rudely place
His hand an aught below my face ;
'Tis what no virgin chaste cou'd bear,
And for th' attempt I'd pull his hair ;
E'en in the dark, I'm sure, I'd blush,
And nought on earth my sighs cou'd hush.
What ! feel me ! O that cou'd not be,
And yet 'tis worse, that he shou'd see
My body naked full in view ;
For ever, let me that eschew !
For he, no doubt, wou'd stare, and peep,
And that perhaps when I'm asleep.

FLAVIA.

He wou'd do so, I don't deny,
Nor shou'd you dread his curious eye ;

He claims a right to ev'ry limb,
 And you've an equal right of him;
 In consequence, he won'd make free,
 And wish his property to see;
 And b'lieve me, tho' you'd fret and chide,
 He wou'd do something else beside,
 Which, in sometime, you'd not resent,
 I'm sure, at least, you'd not relent,
 And pardon (tho' with some parade)
 With all your soul the trick he play'd,

ROSALIND.

You wicked creature! I forgive!
 Such odious freedom—as I live,
 I ne'er wou'd see the wretch again,
 And so farewell the nuptial chain;
 But 'pon my life, and b'lieve it true,
 I know not what you have in view
 By that word trick, you roguish D—!
 Unless that he may prove uncivil.
 By hints indelicate or so,
 Which from those savages may flow.

I own, indeed, that I cou'd bear
 To hear a man commend my air,
 And praise my eyes, my shape, and mien,
 Without the least disgust, or spleen;
 And I confess, he might declare,
 (But at a distance in his chair)
 How nature wasted all her charms,
 To deck my face, my neck, and arms;
 And talk of flames, and darts, and wiles,
 Of frowns, and dimples, sighs, and smiles;
 But while I breath this vital air,
 It shall be my peculiar care,
 To keep that clumsy creature man
 At proper distance—that's my plan:
 No earthly motive, can prevail
 On Rosalind to take a male;
 No, were a crown to grace her head,
 She'd not be seen with man in bed.

FLAVIA

Well, Rosalind, I b'lieve you're right,
 And judge of things by inward light;

For

For wedlock's liken'd to the ocean,
 Sometimes serene, sometimes in motion,
 On which, tho' some, with spreading sail,
 Are wafted gently by the gale,
 And safely make th' expected land,
 As if the waves obey'd command ;
 Yet thousands (so the fates ordain)
 Are swallow'd in the stormy main ;
 And therefore, when the new-born day
 Sheds on the lawn his purple ray,
 To thy fond parents I'll disclose
 Thy thoughts, and whence those thoughts arose ;
 And if my arguments prevail,
 You may, my dear, assume the veil ;
 Thus you'll secure an holy life,
 Remote from man and nuptial strife ;
 Remote from busy, carking care,
 Employ'd in fasting, and in pray'r ;
 Where no conceited prating fool,
 Just from the college or the school ;
 No swordsman, turbulent and vain,
 As void of courage, as of brain ;
 No lawyer, fraught with learned stuff ;
 No country squire, of manners rough ;

No courtier, who, with polish'd art,
Speaks what proceeds not from the heart
No cit, who thinks of nought but gain,
Can your bless'd solitude prophane.

ROSALIND.

Hold, hold, my Flavia, stop your fan;
You want to dub your friend a nun;
I might as well become an oyster,
As live confin'd within a cloyster.
Believe me, child, I'm no such fool,
I'll not observe that rigid rule;
Let not my parents know, I pray,
What you and I may chance to say;
Sure, I may live at home, and free
From man, and so, I'll always be.

FLAVIA.

Faith, Rosalind, inspite of art,
You gave the dictates of your heart,
And now, 'tis fairly understood,
That you're compos'd of flesh and blood,

And

And will, as soon, as e'er you can,
Renounce your former fav'rite play;
And to your heart embrace a man.

ROSALIND.

O me! how can I tamely bear
So gross a charge, and so unfair?
If I am not a nun for life,
Must I, forsooth, become a wife?
Your reas'ning is quite void of sense,
And full of naughty impudence;
I hate a man, whom you adore,
But hate, I own, a nunn'ry more;
And rather than peep through a grate,
Perhaps I may receive a mate,
With whom I may consent to lie,
Provided, he'll not draw too nigh;
And least he shou'd attempt to tease,
I'll wear my dickey, and my stays;
To these few points he must agree,
Whoe'er expects to purchase me.

FLA.

FLAVIA.

Your terms are just my Rosalind,
 I'll not, henceforth, with thee contend;
 Be sure to get, no matter where,
 A bed as large as that at Ware,
 Where, you may both at distance lie
 And joke, but never multiply.

ROSALIND.

O! yes, indeed, it shall be so;
 But let me, I beseech you, know,
 If you believe me safe from plunder,
 When we're a foot or two asunder.

FLAVIA.

You are, my child, there's nought so sure,
 So take my word, and rest secure;
 Those creatures, whom you hate, and dread,
 Can do no harm, tho' e'en in bed;
 Unless they come to closer quarters
 Than e'en your dickey, or your garters.

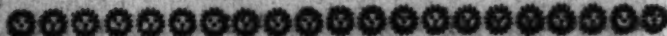
* A town in Hertfordshire, where there is a bed

ROSALIND.

But when my eyes are clos'd in sleep,
The crafty man may closer creep,
And closer still, 'till I'm at last
Between his arms incircled fast;
Then, by the pressure of the rake,
Provok'd, confounded, I awake.
What shall I do in such a case?
In such an attitude, and place?
Inform me, how I shou'd proceed,
By kind advice, you see there's need.

FLAVIA.

Let's sleep, my dear, and banish sorrow,
We'll talk of this affair to-morrow.



O N BED A P O E T.

THE man who feels a pregnancy of head,
Calls in the midwife-muse to lend her aid;
If she rejects his supplicating pray'r,
The teeming bard will scarce have strength to bear.

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G

And
Pope's

Juvern
For fir
United

The puny offspring of his Greenland brain,
 That ne'er can praise, or admiration gain,
 But if the Muse shou'd act Lucina's part,
 The goddess skilful in th' obstetric art ;
 The birth wou'd lively, strong, and nervous prove,
 And uncontroll'd to distant nations rove,
 In features bold, in gait divinely wild,
 The god of day wou'd freely own the child.



T O
 A CERTAIN GREAT MAN.

GREAT HOMER justly was the boast of
 Greece ;

And Maro prov'd Ausonia's golden fleece,
 Pope's fame through Albion sounds from shore to
 shore ;

Juvena grasps the three in D— la C—r ;
 For fire celestial, judgment, harmony,
 United, shew their boundless force in thee.

ON THE VIRTUOUS
 HEROES of the ROMAN REPUBLIC;

INSCRIBED

To the Rev. Mr. BROWN, of CASTLE-LYONS.

WHOE'ER peruses Rome's historic page,
 And views the heroes of her early stage,

Will find that valour and distinguish'd worth

In all their actions shone conspicuous forth.

No thirst of riches then their passions mov'd,

Their native country was the object lov'd :

Then patriots rose, in whom we clearly find

The various virtues that adorn the mind.

Hail ! Junius Brutus darling son of Fame !

With joy I snatch thee for my glorious theme ;

Long didst thou feign thy self a senseless clod,

And wisely feign ! to shun the tyrant's rod ;

Long didst thou seem a dull and stupid thing,

The sport of Rome, unheeded by the King.

Had he suspected how thou stood'st inclin'd,

Or known the virtues of thy noble mind ;

Thou, from the monster, had'st a tragic doom,
 Like other worthies of the race of Rome :
 But fate preserv'd thee for a happier day,
 Whereon you boldly crush'd tyrannic sway,
 And, to thy country, and it's welfare just,
 Expell'd the Tarquins steep'd in blood and lust.
 Thy rigid virtue ; self-denying mind
 Surpass what'er we read of human kind :
 Thy sons, rebellious, labour'd to replace
 The banish'd Tarquin, and his odious race ;
 But they, arrested, by repentance strove
 To gain a pardon, and thy wonted love.

But deaf to all their supplicating cries,
 Mov'd, but unshaken, by paternal ties ;
 The patriot's care a parent's love o'ercame,
 You lost the father's, in the consul's name ;
 Nay you look'd on, while your lov'd offspring bleed,
 You cou'd, but won'd not, supersede the deed.

What pangs ! O Brutus did'st thou undergo !
 How bled thine heart at such a scene of woe !

But Rome that awful sacrifice requir'd,
 The love whereof thy heart and soul inspir'd ;
 Rome valued more than daughters, sons, or wife,
 Nay priz'd beyond thine own illustrious life ;
 Which thou, 'ere long, resign'd'st with vast applause,
 Engaging nobly in thy country's cause.

Rome's greatest characters did not disdain,
 When flush'd with victory, to till the plain ;
 And if again, their country sought their aid,
 They fought, they vanquish'd, then resum'd the
 spade.

See ! Cincinnatus sweeping from his brow,
 A flood of sweat, and starting from the plow !
 The robe of state with dignity he wears,
 Then quickly to mount Algidus repairs ;
 The plain dictator leads his troops to arms,
 His country's love his honest bosom warms ;
 (The foe subdu'd) he drops his robe and shield,
 And hastes contented to improve his field.

Nor were the Fabii less rever'd for worth,
 Of whom three hundred boldly sally'd forth,

To

To check the progress of th' invading Gaul ;
 Though all were sacrific'd, yet great their fall.
 But brave Camillus soon reveng'd the stroke,
 And sav'd the Romans from the Gaulish yoke.

The Decii (tho' not a patrician name)
 In virtue bred, and sacred freedom's flame,
 With order rush'd their country to defend,
 And freely dy'd to serve that noble end.

Nor shou'd I pass that glorious chief unsung,
 With whose perfections all Hesperia rung ;
 Papirius Cursor, whose auspicious sway
 Made warlike Samnium tremble and obey.

Fabricius view, whose purity of mind,
 By nature taught, and not by art refin'd,
 From Epire's monarch that elogium drew
 Who thought, by gold, the roman to subdue ;
 That 'twas as hard to make that hero steer
 A course corrupt, as stop the sun's career.

O ! Curius, great in poverty ! how mean
 The pomp of defects, and their lordly reign !

Who dine on dishes exquisitely rare,
 Compar'd to thee, tho' coarse, and plain thy fare.
 The Samnites aw'd by thy victorious race
 Sent their ambassadors to sue for peace,
 Who in thy cottage found thee void of state,
 Roots thy repast, a wooden bench thy seat.
 This sight their wonder and attention drew,
 Surpris'd to see their conqueror pursue
 A mode of life, so frugal, plain, and low,
 Without a trace of pageantry or shew.
 His humble state they view with strange surprize,
 And he regards their pomp with scornful eyes;
 Their tempting bribes with just disdain he spurns;
 For, in his breast the lamp of virtue burns:
 He told th' ambassadors in accents bold,
 That Rome was proof against their baits of gold;
 That 'twas th' unvary'd maxim of their state,
 To scorn that dross, and rule the proud and great.

Who can without transporting joy review
 The elder Scipio, and the younger too!
 Each prov'd to Rome a bright and leading star.
 And each was stil'd a thunderbolt of war,

As fam'd for mildness, as for deeds of arms,
 In both fair virtue shone in all her charms;
 From Africk both receiv'd a lasting name;
 And, conquer'd Carthage swell'd their mighty fame,

Marcellus too, for martial feats renown'd,
 Oft for his victories, with honour crown'd,
 Was justly call'd, as histories relate,
 The Sword Offensive of the Roman state;
 His conquest o'er the potent Syracuse
 Is loudly blazon'd by th' admiring Muse;
 The force of Annibal he oft withstood,
 And for his country shed his purple blood,

Observe that chief of aspect calm and mild!
 Whose candid breast was ne'er by fraud deail'd!
 Observe his sober unaffected port!
 'Tis Fabius Maximus the Roman fort!
 Who gain'd a deathless monument of praise,
 By his cool conduct, and well-tim'd delays;
 For by avoiding to engage the foe,
 He sav'd his country from impending woe,

When we reflect on righteous Cato's fame,
 Our bosoms glow, and catch the patriot flame;
 The more misfortune doth the sage pursue,
 The more his virtues crowd upon our view,
 This truth's apparent in his final fate,
 That none but Cato, Cato cou'd defeat

O Marcus Brutus! thou delight of Rome!
 Thy honest ardor caus'd thy tragic doom:
 With thee fair freedom left th' abandon'd earth,
 And fought the blissful regions of her birth:
 Thou cou'dst not bear to see thy country bend
 To Cæsar's yoke, tho' Cæsar was thy friend;
 The gen'ral good out-weigh'd all private ties
 With Brutus—therefore the dictator dies.
 Thrice happy Rome! with joy didst thou behold,
 Those gallant heroes, frugal, plain and bold,
 By virtue taught to conquer, or to die,
 And from the paths of bribery to fly.

But happ'ier still in Regulus thy son,
 Whose soul undaunted wou'd no danger shun
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Whose upright heart was honour's seat ; in whom
 Were all the virtues of the sons of Rome ;
 Who long triumphant in Bellona's car,
 Became at last (O ! doleful chance of war)
 A glorious captive to the Punic state
 By nature fierce, by their success elate.

But soon, reduc'd to sad disponding gloom,
 They sent their virtuous Regulus to Rome,
 With urgent orders their debates to efface,
 By chance of prisoners, and a lasting peace ;
 In solemn vows they bound him back to sail,
 If in his embassy he chanc'd to fail,
 To live in bonds their captive and their slave,
 Till death dismiss'd him to the peaceful grave.

Now hear the conduct of that wondrous man,
 And closely mark his self-denying plan :
 Tho' well he knew what tortures he must bear,
 Shou'd he to cruel Carthage back repair,
 Yet he advis'd (and his advice took place)
 The wav'ring senate to reject the peace.
 Long did they strive the hero to detain
 Secure from Africk's deeply galling chain.

But he regardful of his sacred vow
 With mind compos'd, and with unruffled brow,
 Content to forfeit children, friends, and wife,
 Nay more, with pleasure, to resign his life,
 With ready firmness tempts the Lybian flood,
 And flies to torments for his country's good.

Illustrious chief, thou ornament of Rome!
 Prepare to meet thy great, tho' tragic doom;
 Thy barb'rous foes with furious rage require
 Thy blood, to slake their more than brutal ire,

O! cruel Carthage, to true virtue blind!
 And all the gen'rous movements of the mind,
 How cou'd you vent your vengeful malice forth
 Against a hero of such wond'rous worth;
 Whose only crime was boldly to defend
 His native country, as it's laws commend,

Enrag'd, that he did not a peace procure,
 In some dark vault the chief they strait immure,
 Where e'en one transient ray of gladsome light
 Had not admission—all was cheerless night.

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When in this drear abode, he made some stay,
 They dragg'd him rudely forth to open day,
 Cut off his eye-lids, that the dazzling light
 Might uncontroll'd dart on his naked sight;
 And more, they forced him cru'ly to survey
 Sol's blazing orb in his meridian way:
 Then prompted by their fell insatiate rage,
 They close confin'd him in a wooden cage,
 Stuck all around with iron-spikes that dart,
 At ev'ry motion, deep into his heart.

Thus roll'd along, and gor'd on ev'ry side,
 All over streaming with life's crimson tide,
 And quite reduc'd to one sad ghastly wound,
 Without a groan, his soul a passage found.

Thus died the Roman, an example rare
 Of patriot-love, but to himself severe,
 Unskill'd in fraud, unalterably just;
 Rome, grateful Rome! rever'd his sacred dust.

How vain the bablers of the present age!
 With all their bust'ling noise, and party rage,

Compar'd

Compar'd to him, who still unshaken stood,
And breathed nothing but his country's good.

' But who? alas! (in those degen'rate days)
Of all our patriots, wou'd renounce his ease?
For country, liberty, religion, laws,
Tho' each bawls loudly for the gen'ral cause,
Tho' Magna Charta is the common theme,
A place, or pension is the darling aim,
To compass which, they wou'd most freely sell
Their honour, conscience, and the publick weal.

O! Rev'rend Sir! accept this humble lay,
A tribute, which a grateful heart doth pay:
The Roman worthies your attention claim,
You know their merit, and approve their theme;
But if they've suffer'd through my want of skill,
Excuse your Bard for painting truth so ill;
And own, that fiction, and her airy train
Give flight to fancy, and enrich the strain,
While sober, serious, themes exclude, in part,
The boldest fallies of the Poet's art.

WHO.

WHOE'ER to A—h—e means to go,
 And at that feat to dine,
 Shou'd make his will, forgive his foe,
 Left he may die by wine.

For some (I speak a certain fact)
 Before the clock struck seven,
 Or thereabout (I'm not exact)
 Set off mad drunk to Heav'n.



AN EPIGRAM.

SOME say Nigrilla's teeth are black,
 But 'tis a base, and false attack ;
 For I can prove (to strike them dumb)
 She has none in either gum.

On

ON FOUR YOUNG GENTLEMEN,
Who frequently meet to spend the EVENING over a
BOTTLE, in an Improving CONVERSATION.

DECIUS, one of the NUMBER speaks throughout
the P O E M.

WHEN Junius, Fabius, Maximus, and I
Meet o'er a bowl, we make the hours fly;
At time's slow pace, let wretches dull repine,
We think it rapid—O! the joys of wine!
Rapt by true mirth, we ev'ry care defy,
While heart-felt friendship beams from ev'ry eye.
O! sacred friendship, of celestial birth!
Thou greatest, purest, happiness on earth!
Thou precious bond of harmony and love,
And lively semblance of the joys above.

How oft did we our various themes pursue?
In pleasing pleas'd, while each, at ev'ry view,
Saw candid truth unveil'd on either hand,
In kind effusions, in the social band,

No trifling themes our well-spent time employ
 We hear with pleasure, and reply with joy ;
 Sometimes we all in politics engage ;
 Or trace the rise, and progress of the stage.

Historic truths our close attention claim ;
 This field presents us with delightful game ;
 Th' Assyrian, Persian, Grecian, Roman states
 Are oft the subject of our free debates.

By deep researches into nature's laws,
 We close investigate th' important cause
 Of day, and night ; of thunder, hail, and rain,
 The flux, and reflux of the heaving main.

Religious topics oft our thoughts engage,
 Smit with due reverence for the sacred page.
 The vices, virtues, punishment, and crimes
 Of various nations, and of various climes,
 Their genius, manners, commerce, products, laws
 Are coolly canvass'd ; then fair freedom's cause,
 Our darling birth-right, dearer far than life,
 Becomes the subject of much friendly strife.

We fix at leisure, and without controul,
 Wide Europe's balance o'er a flowing bowl—
 And in the circle of our various themes,
 Th' endearing Muse, our fond attention claims;
 That pleasing subject, fraught with heav'nly charms,
 Enchants the soul, and ev'ry bosom warms;
 We feel with transport a poetic glow,
 Whence bright ideas, lively figures flow.
 Now on the scaffold of harmonious rhyme,
 Parnassus, Pindus, Helicon we climb;
 And think we see, and hear th' Aonian maids
 Reclin'd in bow'rs, or warbling through the shades.

O blest'd enjoyment! sweet delightful scene!
 Where spacious lawns in nature's lively green;
 Where vocal woods, and murm'ring streams conspire
 To add new musick to the tuneful lyre.

The fav'rite theme of each the rest admit,
 And give due praise to judgement, sense, and wit.

When holy writ sage Maximus explains,
 Our deep attention and applause he gains;

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He proves God's mercies by the Pentateuch,
 By Matthew, Mark, nor less, by John, and Luke:
 His wondrous might, and tender care he shews,
 In the deliv'rance from th' Egyptian woes.
 To prove his arguments, he straight-way flees
 To gen'ral councils, and supreme decrees;
 He quotes the heresies, and spreading vice
 Discuss'd of old at Ephefus and Nice;
 How Arius here, his condemnation found,
 How there, Nestorius was declar'd unsound.

When Junius reasons on the source of things,
 The fall of empires, and the fate of kings,
 His observations just encomiums draw,
 We hear with pleasure, and attend with awe.
 But when he makes fair liberty his theme,
 He glows like Cato with a Roman flame,
 And with deep energy, a picture draws
 Of the true blessings of the British laws,
 That for all ranks their property maintain,
 And by due bounds the royal will restrain;
 And then to freedom's ever chearful ray,
 Confronts the horrors of despotic sway.

The striking contrast ev'ry mind inflames,

While, at one view, we mark the two extremes,

But when the Grecian, or the Roman name
Is in their turn become the fav'rite theme,

Then Fabius with propriety recites

Their glorious actions, liberties, and rites :

He leads bold Annibal that pest of Rome,

O'er Alpine snows to spread terrific gloom

Wide through Hesperia* where his furious ire

Swept all before it like a raging fire ;

Then waits on Scipio to the Lybian coast,

Where that brave chief reduc'd the Punic host.

He springs with Cæsar o'er the fatal flood,†

Or weeps Pharsalia drench'd with Roman blood.

Wife Philip's son that blazing torch of war,

He paints tremendous in Bellona's car ;

* A name of Italy. † Rubicon.

At Granicus he shews him crimson'd o'er,
 Both with his own, and Asiatic gore;
 To distant Ind' the hero he pursues,
 Marks all his conquests, and his frantic views;
 Confronts the warrior, tho' of stature small,
 To gallant Porus as a cedar tall;
 Who rode an elephant of largest size
 That seem'd delighted with his mighty prize.
 Yet Alexander shew'd no signs of fear,
 At his gigantic port, and martial air;
 But boldly flew to meet the royal foe,
 Join'd lance to lance, and dealt dim blow for blow.

Nor is the present state of things forgot
 By Fabius, who bewails the doleful lot
 Of Poland, tortur'd by unnumber'd woes,
 Rent, and dismember'd by her ruthless foes.
 He pours investives (touch'd with poignant grief)
 On Russia, Prussia, and the Austrian chief,
 And prays that Britain may, 'ere 'tis too late,
 Look with compassion on the Polish state,

And

And send her thunder to the Baltic Sea,
 To strike the Female Bear with pale dismay,
 And check old Fred'rick's bold tyrannic sway.

Thus we our evenings pass in true delight,
 And oft rebuke the slow approach of night;
 For, tracing science through each various maze,
 We catch improvement from her bright'ning rays,



AN EPIGRAM.

FORGIVE the faults of Florimel,

Nor say her virtue's fled;

How oft foe'er the fair-one fell,

So oft she rais'd the dead.

AN

AN EPIGRAM.

'TIS spread by fame, that Dromo's face
Is frightful, seam'd, and coarse ;
But this assertion's truly base,
For he ne'er scar'd his horse.



A DIALOGUE

Between FREDERICK FRISK, a DANCING-

MASTER; and PHILOLOGUS;

FREDERICK.

SURE! no profession can compare with mine,
Indeed, my friend, I think it half divine;
'Tis wholesome, gay, polite, 'tis brisk, and bold,
'Tis smooth, 'tis pleasing, active, easy, old;
For Adam, Enoch, Lamech, Mahalaleel
Before the deluge danc'd a merry reel.

Old Noah drank, and danc'd—the story's true ;
And so did Shem, and Ham, and Japhet too ;

F 2

And

And ev'ry patriarch from Lot to Moses,
As sure as they had eyes, and ears, and noses,
Wou'd deign sometimes to join in festive dance,
And bow, and scrape, as they do now in France.

PHILOLOGUS.

Your high encomiums on the cap'ring art
Are well adapted, I confess, in part;
But where you found, I'm at a loss to know,
That Lot, and Japhet nimbly shook the toe.

That Noah drank, I candidly allow,
And got as fairly drunk as David's sow;
For 'tis, I hope, no calumny, or libel,
To say what's written in the holy bible.
But in my searches I cou'd nowhere find,
That e'er he was so ebullient inclin'd.
I will acknowledge that your art is old,
For in the sacred page we find it told,
That by a jig (no doubt the text you've read)
Good John the Baptist lost his precious head.

FREDERICK,

Yes fir, 'tis ancient, and 'tis also new,
 To fame, and honour an unerring clue ;
 Own that this science gives (pray be sincere)
 An easy motion, and a courtly air ;
 The measur'd step, the shrug, the nod, the bow,
 The soft address, the consequential brow ;
 The pleasing carriage, and the graceful mien,
 And that it forms us to salute a queen ;
 Nay, what is more (deny the truth who can)
 That dancing, pow'rful dancing, makes the man.

PHILOLOGUS.

'TOWN, my friend, your useful rules impart,
 Grace and decorum to th' exterior part ;
 Your noble science, will no farther go,
 Than just to finish what we call a beau ;
 You cannot furnish or the heart, or head ;
 The heel is mercury, the brain is lead ;
 The mind a vacuum, or a chaos rude,
 Where indigested stuff, and matter crude

Lie uninform'd, a dark, and useless heap,

What then ! your province is to mend the shape,

FREDERICK.

Talk not, of head, or heart, or mind to me,

Or Greek, or Latin, or philosophy,

Of Homer, Milton, Addison, or Lock,

I hate, sincerely hate, a learned block,

Your man of learning's an unpolish'd fool,

His gait proclaims the buckram of the school ;

Wrapt in a stupid, dull, pedantic gloom,

Unfit to enter, with a grace, a room :

What boots his knowledge, were he e'en Voltaire ?

Without the modish mien, and flaunting air,

PHILOLOGUS.

Hold Frederick ! pause, and judge of things

aright,

I see your talents in another light ;

Be not so vain, nor insolently prize

Those slight accomplishments ; nor worth despise.

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That trifling art, which you so much admire,
 We may communicate to woody and wire;
 Be not surpris'd to hear me argue so,
 This truth's evinc'd by ev'ry puppet show;
 We see that lifeless family of oak
 Bow, bend, and scrape, and crack a smutty joke,
 And Punch cut capers, tho' he's form'd of elm;
 But you'll not say that Punch cou'd rule the helm;
 Tho' he's as active as your self at reels,
 And grins as well, and nimbly shakes his heels.
 Shou'd all our youth no other rules imbibe,
 But those imparted by the prancing tribe,
 We'd be the wonder of the wide creation,
 A strange, fantastic, merry, dancing nation.

FREDERICK,

By heav'n! 'tis hard, this gross affront to bear;
 What! to a puppet dost thou me compare?
 Who am respect'd wheresoe'er I go,
 Caress'd and rev'rent'd by the few that know
 True life, and manners, courtesy and ease,
 And all those various shining arts that please;

I'm

I'm sure the ladies will be on my side ;
 I move that they our whole dispute decide ;
 They know pure merit, and it's owner prize ;
 The gay are pleasing to their speaking eyes ;
 They justly hate a solemn, sober drone,
 Were he a Lock exalted to a throne,
 Then cease to rail, and candidly confess
 (You can't in honour, or in truth do less)
 That dancing is the ornament of life,
 The surest means to win, and please a wife.

PHILOLOGUS.

'Tis true, some females of th' unthinking kind,
 Who value not th' endowments of the mind,
 May, to a man of worth, and sense profound,
 Prefer a blockhead that can frisk, and bound.
 Nor shou'd we wonder at this strange mistake,
 Since some in Monkies great diversion take ;
 The lap-dog too a vacant corner finds,
 So does the parrot in some female minds ;
 Their skipping, flutt'ring, fawning highly please ;
 The brightest eyes oft shed a tear for these.

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But others of the softer sex we find,
 Bless'd with a more exalted turn of mind,
 Who, led by judgement, slight the frothy bean,
 In spite of all his captivating shew;
 But fond of solid, rational delight,
 That mends the heart, and makes the soul more
 bright,

That pours ideas of the nobler kind
 In rich instruction, on the op'ning mind,
 They rev'rence learning, and sincerely deem
 A man of knowledge worthy their esteem.

Such women Fred'rick, are not form'd for thee,
 Thou canst not win them by a low congee;

For shou'd it be your unpropitious fate,
 To join with such in sprightly tête-à-tête,

They'd soon perceive your shallowness of brain,
 And prove you empty, arrogant, and vain;

They'd find your head unstock'd your mind un-
 taught,

Your tongue unchecked'd, your heart with folly
 fraught,

Your converse trifling, your deportment proud,

Your jokes disgusting, and your laughter loud;

And

And justly spurn your rigadoons, and reels,
And all the lively logic of your heels.

FREDERICK.

Zeounds! who can tamely bear so foul a brand!
Can flesh, and blood, thy gross abuse withstand!
Thy sland'rous tongue, was doubly dipp'd in gall,
Or you'd not thus my shining talents maul;
The horrid picture which your fancy drew
From want of judgement, or from envy grew:
It suits not me; my character is known;
I'm not the person in your libel shewn;
The ladies love to see me dance or walk,
And with impatience to hear me talk;
My repartees excite their kind applause,
My wit their hearty approbation draws.
Your men of learning (I'll the truth declare)
Remain unheeded by the lovely fair,
Whilst I their glances, and their smiles enjoy,
And may, at pleasure, with the fairest toy,
Know then, you act a wrong, indecent part,
In thus reviling so sublime an art.

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And all it's teachers; sure, you must be blind!
Or such a thought had ne'er engross'd your mind!

PHILOLOGUS.

I do not, Fred'rick, damn thy sprightly trade,
Nor it's professors to a man invade;
For some have merit in a high degree,
Good sense from pride, and affectation free.

FREDERICK.

I'm of that number, as I hope to live,
And therefore all your virulence forgive;
What is't to me, if some be brainless tools?
Gay, giddy, gaudy, cap'ring, careless fools;
Your painting's just, they're ignorance all o'er,
But Frederick knows that two and two make four;
And so he ought—the family of frisk
Were always lively, sensible, and brisk:
Our name (I boast it) ne'er indeed was known
To give the world a drowsy stupid drone;
But men of parts to dancing much inclin'd,
By which their manners were, in truth, refin'd.

Some,

Some, I confess, are volatile, and vain,
 But none (believe me) knew the want of brains:
 And 'tis a maxim, which I lately read,
 That no man ever danc'd without a head;
 Yet, without prejudice, I will allow
 That headless wretches might attend the plow,
 Or dig, or mow, or reap the waving corn,
 Or rout the French, or blow the sounding-horn:
 But mark this truth by wise experience bought,
 That graceful dancing is th' effect of thought,
 And you'll admit (for nought on earth's more
 plain)
 That thought's th' effect, and offspring of the brain;
 Farewel, my friend, and candidly acknowledge
 That Fred'rick Frisk has wit, address, and know-
 ledge.

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AN EPIGRAM

DARBY AND NELL,

AS loving a pair as ever tasted the sweets of
 Wedlock. It may, at least, be said of her, with in-
 controvertible truth, that the fond love, the enter-
 tain'd for her dear husband, was of a truly exalted
 nature; for, when the learned gentlemen of the fa-
 culty, declar'd that the obstinacy of his disorder,
 baffled every exertion of their skill: she, out of a
 real solicitude for his eternal happiness, stoop'd to
 commit a crime, which her very soul detested; a
 rare instance of conjugal affection, in those degene-
 rate days!

'TIS said that a cuckold shall never see hell,

If so, honest Darby's indebted to Nell;

For, when the physicians pronounc'd him in dan-
 ger

(To which dire sentence she was not a stranger)

To gain him salvation his brows she adorns,

And kindly procures him a passport of horns.

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A TRANSLATION

Of the second ⁶EPÔDE of HORACE;

In which the Usurer, ALPHIUS, is introduced,
 so enraptured with the charms of a COUNTRY
 Life, and seems inclined to quit his former
 practice, and retire far from the smoke and
 noise of the Town; but, when we think him
 just ready to turn FARMER, he relapses into
 Usury.

BEATUS ILLE, QUI PROCUL, HOR,

HAPPY the man ! from busy scenes,

And arts usurious free,

Who with his oxen ploughs the plains,

Like th' ancient race, with glee.

The warlike trumpet's awful sound

Does not invade his rest,

The horrors of the deep profound

Are strangers to his breast.

He

He ne'er frequents the courts of law,

And shuns superb abodes,

Where the humble client stands in awe,

And waits the great man's nods.

He bids the poplar, tall and fair,

The curling vine to prop,

Or makes it his amusing care,

The useless limbs to lop.

And by inserting, with due skill,

A kind, tho' alien shoot,

He makes the Step-Dame tree, at will,

Produce more gen'rous fruit.

He views with joy, his herd that lows,

From some convenient steep;

Or in pure casks his honey flows,

Or shears his tender sheep.

And when rich autumn proudly rears

His fruit-incompass'd head,

He plucks, with joy, the tempting

Or gathers with a true delight

His grapes of purple hue,

A part whereof he thinks, by right,

To Priap' and Sylvanus due.

Beneath some oak, he's now reclin'd,

Now on the verdant grass,

While purling streams, in murmurs kind,

Salute him, as they pass,

The warbling birds, amidst the trees,

Soft swell their tuneful throats,

The mazy salient rill agrees,

And answers to their notes.

So sweet the sounds ! so fresh the green !

So fraught with pure delight !

So charming, that the blissful scene

Must to repose invite.

But when rough winter's furly roar

The face of nature spoils,

With hounds he drives the foaming boar

Or lays his net behind some bush,
A sly insidious wile!

Whereby he may the greedy thrush
With artful fraud beguile.

The hare, and leopard he insnares;
Which he esteems a prey;
The foreign crane intangled shares
No kinder fate than they.

Amidst those pleasures of the grove,
Who'd not forget the pain?
And all the anxious cares of love,
That oft disturb the brain?

But shou'd a consort mild and chaste,
Who wou'd not chuse to rove,
But mind her home, and lull to rest
The pledges of her love.

(Like frugal Sabine wives of old,
Or those whom Daunia bred,
Who scorch'd by heat, or pinch'd by cold,

Prepare, at night, the chearful blaze,
 And wear a tender smile,
 To set his heart and mind at ease,
 And recompence his toil.

And shutting close within their pens,
 Her sheep—a pleasing task,
 Quite drain their swelling dugs, and then
 Fill up a chearful flask.

Of wine unripen'd yet by years,
 But by last vintage brought,
 And quick prepare, what kindly cheats,
 A plain repast unbought.

No Lucrine oyster wou'd I prize
 Beyond this homely fare,
 Nor turbot of the largest size,
 Nor the delicious scare.

If any from the eastern seas,
 When tempests loudly rear,
 Are driven along the watry way

No foreign fowl cou'd truly be

More pleasing to my taste,

Than olives gather'd from the tree,

Or sorrel from the waste,

Or wholesome mallows, or a lamb

The fairest in my cot,

Which, I secluding from it's dam,

To Terminus* devote,

That kid must surely yield delight,

And gratify the taste,

Snatch'd from the wolf's rapacious bite,

To form the rural feast,

Admid'st those dainties—blissful scene!

What joy 'tis to behold!

My well fed sheep move from the green

To their capacious fold,

Or view my oxen faint by toil,
 With deeply bending brow,
 Draw from the late inverted soil
 The slanting, pond'rous, plow;

Or see my slaves, a num'rous band,
 In their approv'd attire,
 In order plac'd, on ev'ry hand,
 Around a cheerful fire.

When thus the hoster Alphius spoke,
 As if resolv'd to lead
 A rural life, to plant the oak,
 And quit his former trade;

The Tams that now at int'rest lay
 He on the ides recalls,
 The calends come; and, on that day,
 He straight to us'ry falls.

AN EPIGRAM.

On a Fox, that fled for Protection into a PRIEST's
House, last St. STEPHEN's DAY ; when pursued
close, by a PACK of HOUNDS.

ON the day of St. Stephen, we banish'd all
gloom,

And follow'd the fox thro' the streets of Macroom ;

But Reynard, reduc'd to the greatest distress,

Thought proper his manifold sins to confess,

And therefore crept into a priest's habitation ;

Some swear he spoke Latin, and us'd adoration.

Then let us acknowledge (to end all dispute)

That faith, and religion may dwell in a brute,

And freely admit that this fox was no atheist,

But rather a rigid, and bigotted papist.

AN EPIGRAM.

On the Death of an OLD WOMAN, whose
Name was RUTH, and her surviving Husband ISAAC.

OLD Ruth at the age of fourscore
Departed this troublesome life,

She liv'd sixty summers, or more

With Isaac, a dutiful wife.

To him, tho' distracted with woe,

And just on the verge of his span,

His neighbours no favour wou'd shew,

For he was a Ruthless old man.

Mr.

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A TRANSLATION OF

MR. ADDISON'S LATIN POEM,

ON A BATTLE

Fought by the PYGMIES, and CRANES.

HOW Cranes, and Pygmies, did of old engage,
 Shall be the subject of my present page;

Do thou, my Muse, with curious art display
 The manlings marshall'd forth in dread array;

The wing'd battalion's furious ardor trace;

And their contempt of the low-statur'd race;

The boundless rage, and horrid din describe

Of Pygmies warring with the plummy tribe.

Pierian toil has brought to public view

Heroic actions, and the heroes too,

And bid them rise in numbers bold and terse,

With all the pomp, and majesty of verse.

Who

Who can but know the chosen youth of Greece ?
 Fam'd for the plunder of the golden fleece ;
 Stern Theseus, and Achilles bold in arms,
 Æneas dauntless amidst fierce alarms.
 Nassau's immortal deeds are known to all ;
 The Theban Brothers* and great Pompey's fall,

But, as for me, I'll tread unbeaten ground,
 And sing the puny trumpet's slender sound ;
 The little troops, to Cranes the foes avow'd,
 And feather'd squadrons bursting from a cloud,

In India, bordering on the rosy dawn,
 Within a flow'ry, aromatic, lawn,
 Inclos'd by rocks, that scarce access afford,
 The Pygmy-empire to great glory soar'd,
 While fate allow'd. The useful arts of life,
 They practis'd, guiltless of domestic strife,

The

* Eteocles & Polynices.

The little tillers exercis'd the plain,
Which well repaid them with it's golden grain.

Now, shou'd some trav'ler down these rocks descend,

And to the verdant vales his journey bend ;
Amaz'd he sees their little bones around,
White as the snow, dispers'd along the ground ;
Their cells, now waste, and of a scanty size,
And footsteps small attract his wond'ring eyes.

Here the bold victors now securely rest,
And dread no vengeful foe to spoil their nest ;
But when the kingdom of the Pygmies stood,
Shou'd any subject of the feather'd brood
Attempt the fight, depending on his strength,
Some sprightly warrior of a cubit's length
Straight laid him low, tho' of enormous size,
Then home, in triumph, bore the mighty prize ;
And then, to banish his fatigue and toil,
Admidst his brethren, feasted on the spoil.

Oft by surprize the hostile Cranes they flew,
 Oft robb'd their nests with an avenging view ;
 For, such their enmity, and boundless ire,
 That in the young, they punish'd oft the fire.

Oft as they built, with curious art, a place,
 To lay their eggs, and lodge their future race ;
 A dapper foe, with rage, and fury stung,
 Destroy'd the nest, and kill'd the harmless young ;
 Before their time, thus many thousands fell,
 Not yet half fashion'd in th' incircling shell ;
 Hence direful hate, and bloody wars arose,
 And troops, intent on ill, their strength oppose ;
 Hence sprung the fate of Pygmies, and of Cranes ;
 And death, in various shapes, stalk'd o'er the plains.

Such dire commotions were not rais'd of old,
 When Homer sung, in verse sublimely bold,
 The bloody strife of hostile mice, and frogs,
 And spread confusion o'er the vales and bogs ;
 Tho' here, the former pierc'd with rushes lie,
 (A wond'rous sight) and in deep anguish die ;

The

The latter there, with hollow croaking sound,
Lament, and drag their limbs along the ground;
Maim'd of a leg, and quite besmear'd with gore,
Their active springs are, now, alas! no more.

But now, the time, the fatal time approach'd!
In which, the Pygmies wish'd they ne'er inroach'd
On that bold race, well known for length of legs;
And sorely ru'd that e'er they smash'd their eggs:
For now the Cranes, provok'd to rage, and spite
By these attacks, prepare the furious fight.

Their distant brethren quick th' alarm take,
At Strymon's ^a banks, and Mareotis † lake,
At Cayster's ‡ streams, and Scythia's marshy pools,
And where the Ister's mazy current rolls:

They

^a A River in Macedonia.

† A Lake in Egypt.

‡ A River in Asia-minor.

They form a league, and tho' in regions far
 Remote, they plan, and meditate the war;
 Revenge, and slaughter their fierce bosoms fill,
 Each keenly sharpens both his claws, and bill;
 They use each art to set all things aright,
 And fit their pinions for the distant flight.

Now, when the season grows serene and fair,
 The feather'd army, mounted high in air,
 And by the rustling of their flutt'ring wings
 Th' aerial space around them loudly rings;
 Vast tracts of sea, and land they see remote
 Beneath, as on the humid clouds they float;
 The ambient æther fluctuates around,
 And noise, and tumult heav'n itself confound.

Nor was the bust'ling uproar less below
 Amidst the squadrons of the tiny foe;
 While they collect their scatter'd troops, and form
 A solid phalanx, to receive the storm.
 Now, breathing fury, they reproach delay,
 And burn with ardor for the fierce affray.

The Pygmy chief, majestic, grand, in mien,
 By his whole head, above the rest was seen ;
 For, as that empire's faithful annals tell,
 His tow'ring stature rose to half an ell ;
 He stalks, tremendous, 'mid th' embattled band,
 Alone sufficient thousands to withstand :
 The hideous scars, left by the hostile claws,
 Imprinted deep around his manly jaws,
 Gave noble sternness to his martial face
 (For wounds are glorious in their proper place)
 Raw, recent marks appear upon his breast,
 With furious force by pointed beaks imprest ;
 With endless hate, and with insatiate ire,
 He persecuted close the feather'd quire.
 Not one depending on his claws and beak
 Wou'd dare, unaided, to begin th' attack :
 How oft did he unsheath his shining steel !
 And cause whole ranks it's deadly force to feel !
 How oft did he the foe from flight restrain !
 And with their blood, how oft enrich the plain !
 How oft did he their young unfledg'd o'erthrow !
 And fill all Strymon with the notes of woe.

Now

Now, from afar, a murmur'ing noise they hear,
 And see a pitchy cloud approaching near,
 Full fraught with war, and desolation dire ;
 The din grows louder, as the cloud draws nigh'r ;
 'Till now, at length, the mighty host of Cranes
 Fill'd all around the wide etherial plains,
 And caus'd the ambient yielding air to ring
 By the bold lashing of the lusty wing ;
 So great their numbers, they obscur'd the day,
 And robb'd the Pygmies of the solar ray ;
 Now great, indeed, but 'ere they home return'd
 The sad reduction of their troops they mourn'd.

The Pygmies, now, inflam'd with martial rage,
 Turn up their eye-balls, ardent to engage ;
 Nor did they long for the wish'd combat sigh,
 For, lo! a legion of the host on high,
 With fury darted on the ranks below,
 Join'd beak to lance, and mingled toe with foe.
 A horrid noise now rends the vaulted sky,
 And clouds of feathers o'er the vallies fly :

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The plummy troops unable to withstand
 The matchless valour of the Pygmy-band ;
 Tumult'ously forsake th' unequal fight,
 And to the clouds direct their rapid flight :
 But with fresh troops, quick on the foe descend ;
 Now fortune seem'd to neither side, to bend.

Here, you behold in agonizing pain,
 All drench'd in blood, a deeply-wounded Crane ;
 And, tho' he reels in death (so great his spite)
 With beak extended, still he strives to bite.
 And there, a Pygmy bleeding in his wounds
 Kicks, sobs, and utters puny plaintive sounds ;
 And, as his limbs in death's approaches quake,
 He pours out curses on the hostile beak.
 Confusion fills the spacious plains around,
 And gushing streams of blood enrich the ground ;
 Vast heaps of swords, and wings, and claws are seen,
 And bills, and arms along th' empurpled green.

The martial leader of the Pygmy train
 With awful fury rages o'er the plain ;

H

While

While num'rous heaps of dead, and dying foes
 The warlike chief on ev'ry side inclose ;
 Amidst their ranks, he plunges, foams, and raves,
 His dauntless courage, death and danger braves ;
 Nor beaks, nor wings his mad career restrain,
 He springs the terrour of the boldest Crane ;
 Where'er the hero shews his manly mien,
 There, all the fury of the war is seen.

When on a sudden (so the fates ordain)
 A large, intrepid, fierce, invading Crane
 Sours'd on the hero dealing death around,
 And in her talons snatch'd him from the ground ;
 Then to the clouds her tortur'd captive draws,
 Who hangs suspended from her piercing claws,
 Thither the Cranes direct their hasty flight,
 And gaze, and wonder at the pleasing sight.

In vain the Pygmies, with sad streaming eyes,
 Lament their leader, rais'd amidst the skies ;
 Through such a space, their sight can scarce pursue
 Their little hero less'ning to their view ;

While

While th' airy warriors throng around the prey,
And in triumphant screams their joy display,

And now, a-fresh, the Cranes, with furious force,
Full on the Pygmies bend their downward course;
Nor do they now on land the combat try,
But fiercely wage the bloody war on high;
With wings they lash, and with their beaks they bite,
And then aloft retreat by sudden flight;
The troops below, the smarting wounds can't bear,
And with their lances, strike the yielding air.

Such was the war, and such the hideous cry,
When th' earth-born brethren pil'd the mountains
high,

And meant to banish from the realms above
The fire of Gods, and men, Almighty Jove:
Vast rocks, and thunderbolts, impetuous fly,
And spread amazement through the blazing sky;
The rebel crew were in confusion hurl'd
With desolation, to this nether world:

H 2

In

In flames sulphureous, half consum'd, they lie,
And own too late, th' almighty pow'r, on high.

At length the valour of the Pygmy-troops
Submits to destiny, and wholly droops ;
Some struck with fear, regardless of their fame,
Desert the field, and others feebly scream.

The dapper soldier of a cubit's size
Exerts his speed, and for his safety flies ;
The cruel foes attack him in the rear ;
And, without mercy, harass, bite, and tear ;
Resolv'd, at once, with vengeful wrath, t' efface
Each individual of the hostile race.

Thus fell the glory of the Pygmy-name,
That long had brighten'd in the rays of fame,
That well might reckon, and superbly boast
Their various triumphs o'er the plummy host.
Tis true, all kingdoms will, or soon, or late,
Be crush'd ; and feel the sad decrees of fate ;
And certain limits, nature's mystic plan,
Restrain the views of vain ambitious man.

Thus

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Thus sunk, of old, Assyria's mighty name,
 And thus fell Persia from her blaze of fame ;
 Lo ! the vast pow'r of grand, imperial Rome,
 That swallow'd states, in her capacious womb,
 Cou'd not this certain, gen'ral fate eschew,
 Tho' more extensive than the former two,

Now the small spirits of the Pygmy train,
 Sport on Elysium's sweet delightful plain,
 And roving boundless through the verdant glades,
 Enjoy the converse, of illustrious shades.
 Or, if our credit we bestow on tales,
 Their little ghosts are seen along the vales,
 By neighb'ring shepherds, in the gloom of night,
 Who, by it's stature, know the Pygmy sprite.

But now, regardless of the martial Cranes,
 And quite forgetful of their former pains,
 In mirthful ease, their happy hours advance,
 They sing, and play, and lead the sportive dance ;
 Now nimbly frisk along the glad some ground,
 Then wheel, and circle in the mazy round ;

Pleas'd with their lot, they find a sweet delight,
And endless comfort in the name of Sprite.

~~~~~

THE following O D E,

**O**RIGINALLY written in the PYGMEAN  
LANGUAGE, was brought to ENGLAND  
in the year, 1769, by a Gentleman concerned in  
the East-India Company, who had it from a NA-  
BOR; It is the only fragment now extant of the  
Poetry of that once learned nation, and well a-  
dapted to their stature; for, as a PYGMY measur-  
ed eighteen inches from top to toe, so each line  
consists precisely of the same number of inches,  
or, to speak in the language of Poetry, of a foot  
and half. It is evident that this ODE was composed

after some signal victory gain'd over the Cranes :  
 our European, above-mentioned, made out a kind  
 of prose translation of it, by the assistance of a  
 very learned antiquary of the province of GOL-  
 CONDA ; and I have endeavour'd to give it a poe-  
 tic dress, which, if cut too short, is no crime in  
 me, as I strictly followed the measure of the origi-  
 nal,

It is remarkable, that no word in the language of  
 that Nation exceeded two syllables, and care has  
 been taken in the translation, not to use any a-  
 bove the same length, but such as are, by contrac-  
 tion, reduc'd to that standard.

I cannot learn, that any PYGMY-NAMES have been  
 handed down to us, except the following three.

**GLINKEE**, the name of one of their Kings, which means, All-subduing.

**ELZANG**, that of his Queen, which signifies, Dew of Heaven.

And **FRING** the Royal Brother's name, which imports, Harmony.

**GLINKEE**, the Monarch,

Speaks throughout the ODE.

**C**OME my boys,

Taste of joys :

Let the bowl

Chear the soul ;

Let the lyre

Mirth inspire.

Brother Fring

Wake the string ;

Chorus

H

Tune



Tune your throat

To the note ;

Let yon mound

Beat the sound

Back again ;

Thus the strain,

As it flies,

Fills the skies.

Clear the hall

For the ball ;

Burn perfumes

In the rooms ;

Let the light

Conquer night ;

Let's advance

In the dance.

Let my queen

Grace the scene,

O ! she's fair,

And sincere,

Sweet as may,      True your throats  
 Bright as day,      To the note;  
 Fresh as spring;      Let your mounds  
 Let me cling      Beat the found  
 To her breast,      Back again;  
 Where true rest      Thus the strain,  
 I can find;      As it flies,  
 Gods! how kind      Tells the flier,  
 Is my love!  
 Who cou'd rove?  
 From a heart      Clear the hall  
 Free from art,      For the hall;  
 Free from guile,      But dances  
 Where no wile      In the room;  
 E'er had place;      For the light  
 Let me trace      Conduct right;  
 All her charms,      Let's advance  
 Neck and arms,      In the dance.  
 Mouth and eyes,      Let my queen  
 Breasts that rise      Grace the found  
 White as snow;      O! the fair  
 Cheeks that glow      And flier.

Like

Like the rose

When it blows,

Sweetest birth

Of the earth.

Let my verse

Bold and terse

Nobly climb

Steeps sublime :

High as skies

Let it rise

For this day

Prompts the lay.

Th' earth around

Will rebound,

In amaze,

Peals of praise,

Which our fame

Well may claim

As it's right,

Won in fight,

From the Cranes,

On our plains.

Th' humb-

Th' humbl'd foe  
Now brought low  
By our arms,  
And alarms,  
Won't advance  
On our lance,  
But, through fear,  
Fly the spear.

This glad day  
Crown'd our sway  
Dying hosts  
Fill'd our coasts  
With their moans,  
Piercing groans,

Did you eye  
Feathers fly  
Through the Vale,  
Thick as hail,  
Which obscur'd,  
Quite immur'd

Phæbus light  
From our fight.

Feather'd troops  
Fell in groups  
On the plain,  
Where the slain,  
Dy'd the field,  
And my shield  
With a flood  
Of their blood.

Crowned beaks  
From the lakes  
Strew the ground  
All around.  
Nought is seen  
On the green,  
But remains  
Of the Cranes :



Legs and thighs      From our sight  
 Strike our eyes,      From our sight  
 Pil'd in wounds  
 O'er the grounds.  
 There a wing,      Feather'd wings  
 Which their king      Tell in groups  
 Lost in fight,      On the plain  
 Meets the fight ;      Where the slain  
 Such, I know,      Lay the slain  
 Was the foe ;      And my sight  
 In his face      Took his place  
 One may trace      }  
 Kingly grace.  
 Regal signs      Crowded back  
 Mark'd his loins ;      From the lance  
 In his eye      Slew the ground  
 You descry      All around  
 Valour true,      Thought in hand  
 Candor too ;      On the ground  
 Yet my steel      But remains  
 Made him feel      Of the ground  
 Want of breath ;  
 But in death,

Something

Something great,  
 Bold elate  
 Might be seen  
 In his mien.

Tydings roll  
 Midst the fowl,  
 That their king  
 Lost a wing,  
 And his life ;  
 Terrors rise  
 Seiz'd each rank,  
 Which in flank  
 We invade  
 Havock made  
 Through the band,  
 Sword in hand,  
 Till the host  
 Fled our coast.  
 Thus the sword  
 Has secur'd

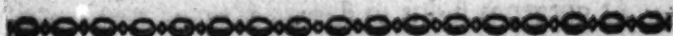
To

To our name  
 Endless fame.  
 Pygmies hence  
 Will commence  
 To prescribe,  
 To the tribe  
 Of the lakes  
 Fam'd for beaks,  
 Rules that will  
 Check each bill,  
 Wing and claw,  
 Glorious law!  
 Be this day,  
 Let me pray,  
 Mark'd in white  
 Ever bright.  
 Future times  
 Will, with rhymes,  
 Harp and lute,  
 Pipe, and flute,  
 Trumpets shrill,  
 Vocal thrill,

Joyous

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Joyous say,  
O! happy, happy, happy day!



SOME THOUGHTS

O N

ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

**T**HAT highway-man of eminence,  
The Macedonian chief,  
Fam'd for his pride and insolence,  
Was not, we own, a thief.

But robb'd, and plunder'd uncontrol'd,  
With his relentless gang;  
And tho' he was in murders bold,  
The world his praises rang.

I

That

That blaze of fame which round him shone;  
That lustre false, and glare;  
Bedimn'd weak mortals, always prone  
At gorgeous fights to stare;

But strip him of that dazzling veil;  
And all the pomp of arms;  
And weigh the man in reason's scale,  
Then ask, who spread th' alarms?

A little thing, whom we call great,  
To earth in vengeance hurl'd,  
Toss'd by his folly by his fate,  
And scourge a bleeding world;

A brain-sick wretch, a worthless whim;  
That spurn'd his royal fire,  
And boasted that he sprung from him,  
Who darts the forked fire.

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Ungrateful, cholerick, and vain,

An imp, produc'd for strife;

See! Clytus by the monster slain,

To whom he ow'd his life.

No beast of prey that haunts the wood,

No tyger fierce, or boar,

No crocodile that cleaves the flood,

Long'd half so much for gore

Hell ne'er produc'd a greater pest,

Than he, midst all his shew,

A noxious Meteor, ne'er at rest,

To all mankind a foe.

Here ducks, and beads, and whistles take

Run through the round of jovial feasts;

Our pleasures are his targets for arrows;

And pain removes our sorrow.

A S O N G,

Compos'd at the time of the last Races of MACROOM.

AIR. NANCY DAWSON.

**W**HOE'ER means to shake of gloom,  
 Let him repair to sweet Macroom,  
 For here his cares he will intomb,  
 And think no more of sorrow.

'Tis here the harp, the voice and lute  
 The violin, and softer flute,  
 With thrilling notes the ear salute  
 And drive away all sorrow.

Here bucks, and beaux, and thoughtless rakes  
 Run through the round of jovial freaks;  
 Our pleasures far surpass the Lake's,\*  
 And quite remove our sorrow.

By

---

\* *The Lake of Killarney.*

By day the Races gave delight,  
And balls, and plays amuse by night,  
While virgins fair to love invite,  
And smile away our sorrow.

Let Mallow yield to gay Macroon,  
For here, we know nor care nor gloom ;  
Here, nature wears perpetual bloom,  
And quite dispells our sorrow.

Come fill the bowl, let's be alive,  
We envy not the wealth of Clive\* :  
Here's health to those that did contrive  
To drive away our sorrow.

## COLIN AND THE GHOST.

COLIN the son of Lancelot and Jane,  
 A manly, sober, and courageous swain,  
 Of limbs athletic, lusty, strong and hale,  
 Cou'd dig, and plough, and stoutly wield the flail.  
 The scythe, and sickle, shovel, pike, and spade  
 Seem'd for the use of Colin only made.  
 In bending posture, with a mighty sweep,  
 The spacious mead he quickly laid asleep;  
 The golden harvest fell at his command,  
 And own'd the force of his wide-grasping hand;  
 In delving deep his wondrous strength was shewn,  
 For th' Earth beneath him seem'd to heave a groan.  
 From ev'ry hind, and ev'ry youthful swain,  
 That met to gambol on the sportive plain,  
 He won, with ease, in active feats, the prize,  
 And drew th' attention of admiring eyes.

In leaping, wrestling, and the rapid race,  
 On his competitors he brought disgrace.

The

The spacious plains with admiration rung,  
 Whene'er the sledge, or massy bar he flung ;

Each glowing damsel of the rural train  
 Strove to secure him in the nuptial chain ;  
 'Twas thought a favour with the youth to dance,  
 A kiss was triumph, nay, a *passant* glance  
 Gave high delight, and fill'd with joy the breast,  
 While blasting envy tortur'd all the rest.

His courage was to all his neighbours known,  
 Which he had often to advantage shewn ;  
 He dreaded nothing, for his heart was bold ;  
 And in his veins, a healthful current roll'd.

Whene'er the swains some wondrous tale had heard  
 Of men, who neither death nor danger fear'd ;  
 Or read of actions worthy deathless fame,  
 They swore that Colin wou'd perform the same.



Once, as our rural hero, late at night,  
 When Cynthia shone with clear refulgent light,  
 Was home returning from a friend's abode,  
 Alone, and by an unfrequented road ;  
 Near which, the ruins of an abbey stood,  
 And opposite, a thick, and gloomy wood ;  
 And now approaching to that awful place,  
 He straight began his manhood to disgrace  
 By causeless fears of some pale, stalking sprite,  
 That, as he thought, oft takes it's rounds by night.

He now reflected on the scene around,  
 The tow'ring trees, and walls with ivy crown'd ;  
 The solemn silence of the midnight hour,  
 And then began to lose his manly pow'r ;  
 But mov'd with seeming unconcern along,  
 And feebly sung a bold courageous song,  
 To chase the horrors that his heart assail,  
 And from himself, his very *self* conceal.

Lo ! by the light of the resplendent moon,  
 He sees, as clearly, as he cou'd at noon,

A hideous shape, of an amazing size,  
 That gradual rose, and close approach'd the skies;  
 The frightful spectre seem'd to puff and blow,  
 Wrapt in a shrou'd as white as driven snow.

Now, Colin's hair, to stand an end began,  
 The sweat, in streams, a-down his body ran;  
 His tott'ring knees refuse their aid, and shake,  
 His eye-balls swim, his tongue denies to speak;  
 His strength now gone, against a tree he lean'd,  
 And thus a while, quite motionless remain'd.

But soon recovering, tho' not from his fright,  
 He hasten'd home, and there he saw a sprite  
 Of ghastly form, and of stupendous size,  
 Whose tow'ring stature seem'd to threat the skies.

He said he heard (for so he thought) his groans,  
 Some accents strange, and terror-striking moans,  
 That shook his soul, in frightful horrors lost,  
 And prov'd the figure some unhappy ghost,

That

That wander'd chearless in the nightly gloom;  
Around his dreary, solitary tomb.

His wiser father, now advanc'd in years,  
Attempts to banish his ill-grounded fears,  
And strives by cogent arguments to shew,  
That apparitions from the fancy flow.  
But Colin still with obstinacy swore,  
The object such as he describ'd before,  
And that no human, or terrestrial form  
Cou'd thus his courage and his manhood storm.

The prudent father, anxious to remove  
The baneful error, and at once to prove,  
That what he saw was beast, or tree, or stone,  
Or some Chimera, from his fancy flown,  
Rose up in haste, and cry'd, you'll quickly find  
What groundless terrors thus distress'd your mind;  
We'll go this moment, and explore the place,  
Where thou hast met thy first and last disgrace.

Now

Now in obedience to his father's will,  
 Colin, whose blood forgot almost to thrill  
 Through fear, attends his wife, courageous, fire,  
 Whose bold example shou'd the son inspire.  
 They quickly reach'd that awful silent scene,  
 The solemn walls with spreading ivy green,  
 Where, just before the hideous shape appear'd,  
 And high in air, his frightful figure rear'd.

Now Colin, trembling, fainting, shiv'ring calls!  
 O Father! Father! see, nigh yonder walls,  
 That horrid form, in snowy white array'd,  
 O save me! save me, from the hideous shade!  
 With his mean fears the fire his son reproach'd,  
 Then to the spot, with dauntless steps approach'd,  
 Where he beheld a goat of largest size,  
 Make various efforts, 'gainst the wall to rise,  
 To crop some ivy, tempting to the view,  
 Which at too great a height and distance grew.  
 The creature, heedful of her much-lov'd food,  
 And dreading nought, the fav'rite meal pursu'd,  
 'Till now, by Lancelot, a captive made,  
 Who cry'd, my son, advance, behold the shade.

Colin

Colin still shook with heart-invading fears;  
 'Till with his father's voice, he also hears  
 The rapid, harsh, and unharmonious note  
 Of a white, shaggy, large, long-bearded goat,  
 Which quite remov'd his horrors, not his shame;  
 He blush'd to find an animal so tame  
 The cause of all his mean, unmanly dread,  
 And swore the like shou'd ne'er disturb his head.  
 Then both, well pleas'd with this event, retir'd,  
 The son with wiser, manlier thoughts inspir'd;  
 But had not Colin thus been undeceiv'd,  
 He still had trembled, and had still believ'd,  
 That some sad spectre, in his nightly round,  
 Did thus his senses, and his mind confound.

Ah! how severe is man's poor hapless fate!  
 Prone to believe, expos'd to ev'ry cheat;  
 What in his childhood from his nurse he hears  
 Grows with his frame, and strengthens with his  
 years;

The



The wrong impressions, which her folly made,  
 Of num'rous ills the dire foundation laid ;  
 Her frightful tales, of ghosts and goblins, sink  
 Into his soul, and teach him how to shrink  
 Through fear ; and when the night extends her veil,  
 He thinks a spirit rides in ev'ry gale.  
 He joins the notion of pale hideous sprites  
 To darkness, which his pregnant fancy frights ;  
 Tho' these ideas no relation claim,  
 More than does water to the fiery flame ;  
 Yet both connected close we always find,  
 Like brethren fond, in th' ill-instructed mind.

Had not young Colin, that courageous swain,  
 The stoutest, boldest, of the rustic train ;  
 Been scar'd by spectres in his early years,  
 He had not known those weak and groundless  
     fears ;  
 Had not th' idea been impress'd by night,  
 He'd dread no more the gloom, than chearful light.

How careful, then, shou'd ev'ry parent be !  
 To guard, and keep the tender infant free

From

From those impressions, which, if deeply made,  
Affect his manhood, and his peace invade.

Oft have we known a man of courage bold,  
Uncheck'd by fear, by danger uncontroll'd,  
Who unappall'd wou'd dare the bravest foe,  
And undismay'd return him blow for blow,  
Shrink from his shadow, tremble at the breeze,  
That slightly shook the gently rustling trees;  
Turn ev'ry object in the dusky night  
(Strange force of fancy!) to some horrid sprite.  
Hence we may draw this great unerring truth,  
That errors spring from what we learn in youth.



E I N I S

From those impressions, which it deeply made  
Affect his manhood, and his better nature

On his mind, and in his heart  
Unconscious of it, he had  
Who had not yet seen the world  
And had not yet seen the world  
Shut out from the world  
The world was a dark  
I was a child in the world  
(Sister) who had not yet seen the world  
Heard the world was a dark  
That was a young man who had not yet seen the world



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# ERRATA.

Page 8, line 2, for patron, read patrons. Page 11, line 17, for your tears, read her tears. Page 18, line 15, for esteemed, read esteem'd. Page 29, line 13, for hoil, read hail. Page 39, line 13, for attendance, read attention. Page 44, line 18, for an, read and. Page 58, line 8, for you'd not, read you wou'd or you'd soon. Page 69, line 7, for order, read ardor. Page 73, line 8, for their, read the. Same page, line 10, for chance, read change. Page 74, line 5, for ready, read steady. Page 76, line 14, for their theme, read the theme. Page 110, line 7, for grows, read grew. Page 112, line 18, for toe, read toe. Page 112, line 1, for whoe'er, whoever.





